

GREEN and GRAY




1928









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IN WINTER DRESS

The
GREEN & GRAY

1928



Loyola College

Baltimore, Maryland



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Dedication



To the Reverend Joseph A. McEneany, S.J.,
under whose rectorship Loyola achieved its
greatest strides, in token of appreciation for his
ceaseless work in building up the greater
Loyola, and for the inspiration he has been to us
in our college career, we, with deepest affection,
dedicate this book, a little thing, but our own.





REV. HENRI J. WIESEL, S.J.
Vice-Rector



REV. JOSEPH J. AYD, S.J.
Dean

REV. JUSTIN J. OOGHE, S.J.
*Professor of Psychology
and Ethics*



REV. WILLIAM A. WHALEN, S.J.
Prefect of Discipline



The Faculty

REV. HENRI J. WIESEL, S.J., M.A.
Vice-Rector

REV. JOSEPH J. AYD, S.J., M.A.
Dean

REV. EDWARD S. DUFFY, S.J., M.A.
Professor of English and Spanish

REV. JOHN J. GEOGHAN, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Latin and French

REV. JOHN G. HACKER, S.J., M.A.
Profesor of Economics and German

REV. THOMAS J. LOVE, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Physics

REV. JUSTIN J. OOGHE, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Ethics and Psychology

REV. WILLIAM B. O'SHAUGHNESSY, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Logic and Metaphysics

REV. RICHARD B. SCHMITT, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Organic and Analytic Chemistry

REV. JOHN A. RISACHER, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Ancient Civilization and Apologetics

REV. WILLIAM A. WHALEN, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Apologetics and Public Speaking

CHARLES A. BERGER, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Biology

EDWARD A. RYAN, S.J., M.A.
Professor of Greek and History

GEORGE E. RENEHAN, M.A.
Professor of Inorganic Chemistry

JOHN B. EGERTON, M.A.
Professor of Mathematics

JOSEPH C. GARLAND, A.B.
Professor of Mathematics

— FACULTY ADVISOR —



— EDITOR IN CHIEF —



Edward W. Tribbe.

Rev Richard B. Schmitt, S.J.

1928

— PRESIDENT OF SENIOR —

— BUSINESS MANAGER —



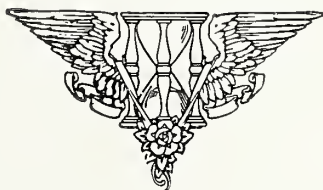
Brindley J. Mills.



Thomas N. Perciot, Jr.

The Last Roll Call

Lest the morrow grow dim of eye, and deaf of
ear; lest Time should ever bare a sharp steel
against frail memory's fabric—let these
sparse annals ever be a clear echo of
these present blessed days.



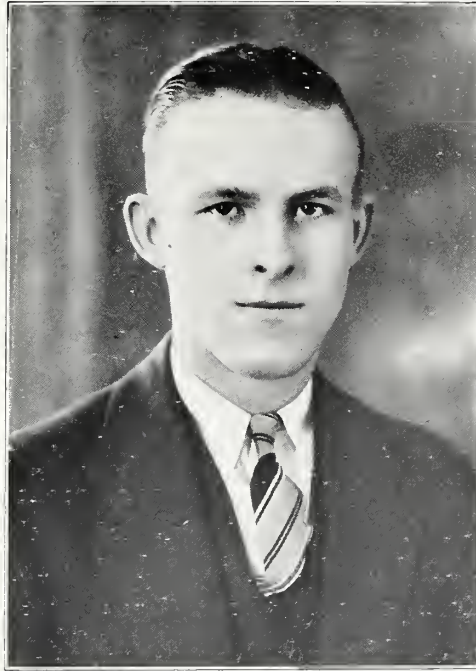


GERALD O'D. BOWERSOX

*Smiling Jerry, of whom you've heard;
He spoke so much without a word.*

This epigram is quite apropos to the man you see before you. He always greets you with a smile, such a one as has disarmed many an irate infringer upon his good nature. In his four years at Loyola no one confesses to having ever seen Jerry in a hurry: he simply ambles along, doing what he is supposed to do, no more, no less. Not that he considers his share of the world's work to be small, but he considers the huge amount of it to be no more than his due.

Jerry is a man of numbers. As manager of the Basketball team he kept his eye on calendar dates; as scorekeeper at all games he kept the figures true. His keen interest in matters athletic shows that Jerry prefers to follow the Greeks to fame through the palaestra. Let it be recorded in bronze that Jerry helped bring fame to '28 in the first Soph-Frosh football tilt.



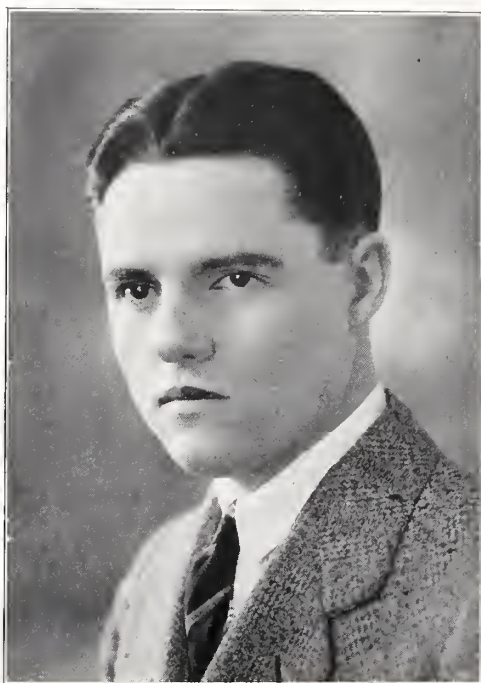
WILLIAM J. BULLEN

Behold a future Secretary of Treasury, one with three years of practical experience in financial farming. He finds it a study in psychology to take account of the sundry excuses he receives instead of silver.

Bill is truly a man of wide experience. He has held positions that afforded him abundant study in human nature, all of which has had a telling effect on him in every way save one—it has not added a tone of seriousness to his genial disposition. Never fear that he will be a pessimist; rather is he destined to give adverse fortune the laugh.

Bill lays claim to something of managerial ability. The worth of his claim finds vindication in the excellence with which he handled varsity activities in his own choice of athletic endeavor.

Our fine friend finds opportunity to do justice to his soundness of judgment in the meetings of the Student Council, wherein he nobly takes the part of the athletic life of the college.

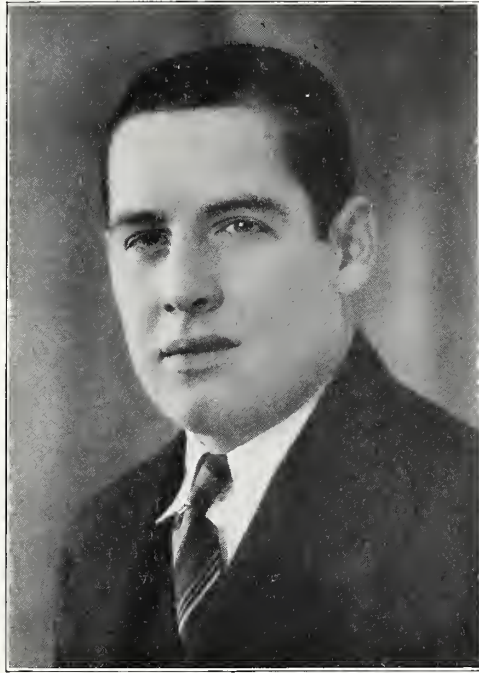


JOSEPH F. DANAHER

St. Charles' College claimed our fair friend before he came to us. We are glad for our own sake that it did not claim him longer, for Joe has stood forth among us in defense of activities that might otherwise have gone the path of forgotten days. His solicitude brought him its own reward: Joe was elected President of the History Club and well is he proud of the honor.

No one claims to have seen Joe in football togs, but the cheerleaders affirm that he gave his vocal cords ample exercise. He has some pretensions to being a singer too; often has he helped to swell the chorus in chapel, only to degrade his art, alas! by going second tenor a note or two higher in modernistic quartets.

We do not assume any prophetic powers, yet we feel safe in saying that if Joe applies his manly character and diligence to the role allotted him in professional life as well as he did in our lowly midst, then will the gods smile graciously upon him.



JAMES L. DESMOND

From the little-known, unsung city of Chester, Pa., came "Dezzy." He didn't begin the upward climb with us, he was among the latest of the latecomers.

This chap's claim to fame is staked out on the gridiron. From there did he direct operations that took him as far as California. We remember well his capturing the position of center of the All-Eastern team that traveled to the land of sunny romance and movie colonies in Jim's Junior year—we put it that way, for thus does Dezzy count his days. The meed of honor and appreciation came in the form of the captaincy of the varsity Football team of '27.

Jim's cheerful, happy-go-lucky ways that added names to his long list of friends, stamp him as one on whom Fortune likes to bestow her much-sought-for smiles. They should prove an "open sesame" to all barriers.



JOSEPH V. DONNELLY

We are told that the devil's advocate is somewhat of a pessimist, but the best pessimist in the world. Joe fills the role perfectly in Senior Class meetings. Any measure that gets beyond his hearing without a word of dissent gives the proposer full right to pat himself on the back. Joe's opposition brought him no unpopularity, but rather earnest commendation, for he was out to make his "middle name" worthy of its existence by conquering (Vincent's the name) all obstacles endangering the class' welfare.

Joe is one of the veterans who has reached the final goal after eight years' toiling among the same friends. Howsoever Fortune played her cards, "Shufflin' Joe" always trumped and proved the better man. He is certain to show himself master of situations far more important and more perplexing than such trivial things as card tricks. Like a man who makes use of all experience, however superficial it may be, he is going to prove that at least keenness of observation can be gained from simple pastimes. Who knows, he may yet conquer the famed Casino!



JAMES F. ENRIGHT

"Hap" hails to us from the Capital of the nation. This may in part explain his comprehensive knowledge of parliamentary procedure. It was because of his ability to wax eloquent that he was elected President of the Senior-Junior Debating Society.

Hap is not alone noted for ability to stage verbal battle. There is no football or basketball or baseball team complete without him. And he can play the coach as proficiently as he can affect the coached. Varsity baseball of 1928 will owe to him its measure of success, for he has taught the tricks that boost the score.

Retrospection shows Hap as the strategist and professor of speed and deception who coached our Sophomore grid team into victory. We remember him, too, as a good sport, who bended his knees to a city block and nosed along the humble peanut. This is told, not as a bitter memory, but as testimony that Hap is a man of his word, regardless of the cost.

Farewell, Hap, and don't let the miles between tempt forgetfulness.



THOMAS N. FERCIOT

Consider well the visage before you; it tells you what language is too ill-equipped to justly and adequately express. In virtue of his merits has "Nat" been raised to a position that marks its holder as the elect of the student body—that of "President of Senior." Say President, and you think of a clever man, but here is one who combines the traits of a true man, a perfect gentleman, a most worthy idol, a noble ideal.

There is genuine worth in the popularity this youth has attained. Say of him that he is a scholar—that does not describe him; he was that and more; with the same wholeheartedness was he an athlete, and he blended the twain splendidly—an award of honor attests the fact.

Twice President of his class, once Vice-President, Prefect of Sodality, first President of the Student Council, an energetic worker on the Junior Prom, varsity football player for four years and a goodly share of baseball experience, Nat has had a career—we were going to say, "to be envied," but there is no one who will not concede that Nat is preeminently worthy of all the tributes paid him.

As for his place in our hearts, "of all our friends, this name leads all the rest."



THOMAS G. GRAY

This young gentleman, with many of us an associate for eight years—and may those years increase—holds an unusual record in the gentle art of repartee. Blessed with the gift of dry humor, his witty remarks have frequently dispersed the storm clouds and caused the sun to break through the desultory skies of "test days."

Tom is noted as a "man about town," giving the impression that he has seen the world at its best and in all its moods. A trip across the continent, and the experience gained thereby, adds a note of authority to what he says.

His work on the class Basketball team will long be remembered—he hath not his height to no good purpose. He showed his powers of discernment in serving as character reader of his fellowmen in this publication. Think not that Tom contemns the arts. However much Greek poetry may remain Greek to him, he surely knows the poetry of dance, and proved himself a true follower of Terpsichore in his work on the Junior Prom of a year ago.

We congratulate the world in being so blessed as to be slated to welcome our dapper good fellow as a prominent citizen.



MARTIN I. J. GRIFFIN

It would indeed have been a happy privilege to grow up with a chap like Marty. For that very reason, it seems, he did not come to us until but a few months ago (so works Fortune in jealous mood). In this short time, however, he afforded us ample evidence of his talents. A place on the GREYHOUND staff was almost the official notice of his arrival. When he puts down the pen he takes the bema just as naturally, the flow of spoken word rivaling the written.

Like all interesting characters, Marty has his mystery. Why does he incessantly wear a black tie? It hardly agrees with his colorful personality. The best solution offered is that the tie is meant to be a contrast for his jovial spirit, for in truth, we have yet to see the lad without a smile or a crisp and perfectly harmless quip.

If we may presume to suggest it, we hope your pen will cavort in the nation's leading journals, that we may continue to have you with us at least in spirit.



JAMES F. KAVANAGH

The contribution of Mount St. Joseph's to the success of the Class of '28 is this young chap, who answers to the name "Jim." His specialty is Physics: the Bermudas of which he knows well enough to boast—which he doesn't—of being Assistant in that department to Father Love, the professor.

Though he may suppress his jolly good nature while professorially inclined, Jim finds expression for his witty self in the spare corners of the GREYHOUND.

While never taking an active part in cleating up gridirons, Jim has always been found a most ardent supporter of every sort of team that sported the colors of Loyola. He bids fair to carry his enthusiasm into the ranks of the Alumni.

Jim proved to be a storehouse of energy, inspiration and assistance as a high light of the Prom Committee. He has always been a good student, especially partial to the different branches of the sciences. It would seem that the future calls him to the higher pursuit of one of these. His intimates avow that Jim will one day add the M. D. to his name. We wish him the best of Fortune's smiles.



WILLIAM F. KILLIAN

Another veteran of the old school from Calvert Street way. This dapper Arab can make a friend quicker than a social climber, and with easier methods: one witticism, and there you are.

"Gus"—who ever wished such a nickname on such an Apollo?—would be most pleased to be set down in these annals as the boon companion of the be-spectacled chap interviewed a few pages back. In him we have another of rare accomplishments. He it was who "presided" the Junior Prom, and consequently, led the promenade. When there is a question of ways and means, Bill—not an alias—can well devise raffles.

Did you ever see his smile? Count it as something great, for it sums up his entire personality. Small wonder that everybody likes him. He is a great man; born great is the part of the famous phrase that best describes him. And being great, he is an optimist, seeing the bright side of everything. Even the famous Soph-Frosh game had its bright side, and he, to be sure, was on that side.

Bill has received the tribute of his mates: he was twice President and twice Vice-President—behold the evidence of the golden mean!



EDWARD S. MATALIS

Coming along from High School spent at Calvert Hall, Ed brought with him the cognomen, "Old Pete." Always a serious student and a successful one, the appellation seems to fit him well, for his college days have not warranted a change.

He is a man of wide ability. Among the latest of his records is that of billiard champion. Those with longer memories remember him as a tower of strength in the famous and first "Soph-Frosh" football game back in '26, when he stood bleeding, but unbowed with the French battle cry on his lips: "They shall not pass."

"Still waters run deep," the sage tells us. Our philosophic Ed does not preach the dictum, but shows his belief in it by his quiet manner of accomplishing great things. May the future make of him another Faraday that his field of accomplishments may be complete.



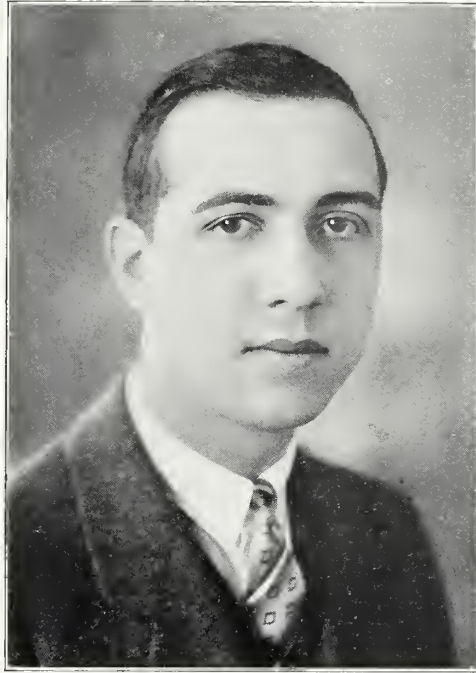
RAYMOND D. MENTON

Ray, familiarly known as "Pop," joined the class in Junior year after a year spent in the business world. Originally he was a member of '27, but doubtlessly realizing the potentialities of this year's class, he waited for us to catch up with him.

Pop takes great delight in posing as a cynic, but his classmates know only too well that when the time for action comes there is no more loyal student than this young man.

Coming to Loyola directly from Loyola High School, Ray has been an active member of the student body since that time, with the interim mentioned breaking the continuity of years. He has ever been a good student, performing his work conscientiously and thoroughly, as his standing among the leaders well signifies.

Of his future Pop says but little. He is evidently a man who will do things first and say what little he will say about them afterward.



ELBERT J. MEYER

"The shallows murmur, but the deep is still," is the noble motto this budding barrister might well confess to own. To us "Elps" has always been a quiet, unassuming, deliberate sort of a chap, who fits the motto, even if he does disdain to claim it.

This gentle lad has been an ardent devotee of learning. To some of our readers it may be news to discover that Elps has been paying court to the Classics by day and communing with law by night. He believes that the sun must never set on an ambitious man, and hence he sees no difference between A. M. hours and hours P. M. The only initials he cares to consider are A. B. and LL. D.

Elps has done his classmates a noble service. He has given them a fine practical lesson in the value of taking life calmly and in letting nothing whatever interfere with your winning your goal.



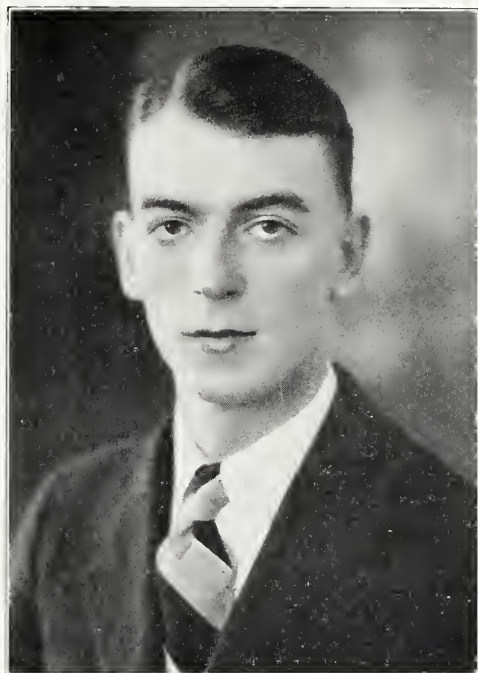
BRINDLEY J. MILLS

A veritable bundle of energy is Brindley, as can easily be noticed from the numerous activities with which he has busied himself. Above all the rest, we must congratulate him upon his wonderful success as Business Manager of the GREEN AND GRAY. We cannot dub him Shylock, for he has but one trait of the man, the ability to bring the shekels home. But gold is not all: Brindley shows qualities of the artist—the best of whom can only dream of gold!—four years did he display them as organist.

To study his countenance might lead you, gentle reader, to deem him one who keeps his thoughts to himself; but no, he is one who in generosity of spirit is ever willing to give suggestions when needed, and oratory is no mean tool in his considerate hands.

Ability brings its own reward, *on dit*. And Brindley's is a rich one. He knows what it is to be honored as Vice-President, to hold a berth on the student publication, to bring success to a Junior Prom, to be looked up to with confidence whenever the skies seem gray.

With him the morrow can play no tricks, for Brindley can array against them courage, determination and all the cardinal qualities.



CHARLES F. MONTGOMERY

Here contemplate the completion of a triumvirate: Bowersox, Bullen and Montgomery, a combination on whose shoulders rests the management of matters athletic.

"Monty" was a charter member of the class. His office was ever to supply the laughter and merriment, a practice which he honored, even in rhetoric with his endless Latin quotations and phrases which themselves rocked with laughter. Think not that he has not a serious bent: he can philosophize with the best of them and match anyone with extra sheets in Philosophy tests.

Has Monty a hobby? Many of them. The favorite is "picking"—never an argument—but best bets at Bowie, or all-star football elevens, or all-Maryland basketball quints. Woe to the sports eds who disagree with his selections.

Monty, old fellow, the only sorrow you ever caused us was to leave our company. May you bring as much cheer to the sorry world as you have to us.



J. EDWARD O'BRIEN

Here is one who is unto the manner born. That "manner" takes a multitude of shapes. For "O'Bie" is the essence of versatility. Let him rise to declaim, and his conferees declare him a born orator; let him grace the pen, and it babbles fluently; let him philosophize, and the ages will hearken.

O'Bie is not merely a speaker of note; he does things. His work is to be found in these very pages; he is the beadle of Philosophy classes; he sits in the Student Council.

This gentle lad is another of the late comers to our standard, but he has long ago made up for that defect, if defect it be. His energy is unequaled in matters of Senior interest. Ever willing to help anyone without distinction, he has won for himself the esteem of everyone. What adds worth to this esteem is that it is not sought after, but merely accrues to a chap who well deserves it.

We see O'Bie as one who in future years will stand out respected for his sound judgment and valued opinion.



FRANCIS P. ROBERTO

Besides being his own charming person, "Bob" is a happy combination of Michael Angelo, Ralph Armstrong and John Barrymore. Artists of note are these men, and so is Bob with "A" capitalized. That he is a competent thespian can easily be ascertained by consulting any number of show programs, noting his premier appearance as this or that immortal character of the stage. For proof of his ability as magician of the pen and brush the quest is simpler: ramble through these pages and judge for yourself. We know your verdict already—thank you, in Bob's name, for the compliment.

Bob has proven that art and science blend into a fine alloy. However, we are convinced that his interest in Biology is intended to help him perfect his art. When he gets to cartooning feline quartets—yes, he loves music, too—he wants his representation to be perfect.

His hobby is one so considerate of others that it deserves mention. He likes to keep records of his mates in studious moments. The result is a complete set of sketches penned during philosophy lectures.

Addio, Bob, con gran dolore!

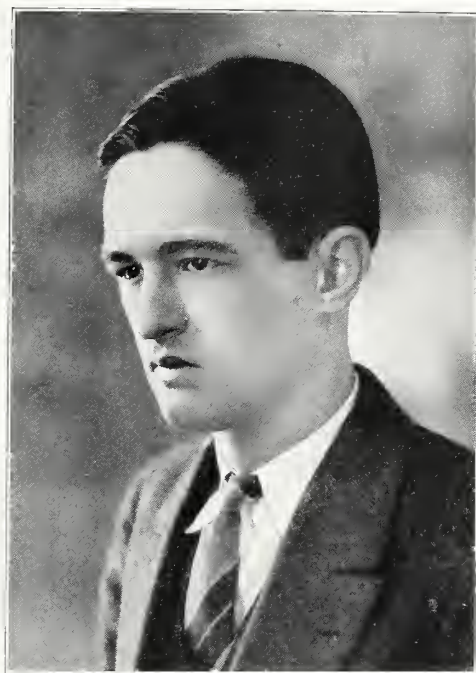


FRANCIS J. SCHAP

The master minds of Baseball tell us that pitching counts for fifty per cent. of a team's success. If such is the case, then well may Loyola be proud of "Frankie," who for four years has been the keystone of the pitching staff, and for the same four years the team has marched to victory at the expense of the finest reputations in baseball annals.

Frank came to Loyola after a high school career at Baltimore City College. From the start he established himself as a most likable student. He has ever been the same quiet, friendly, unassuming young man, a true gentleman in every way. His feats have not been limited to the diamond, for he has won distinction in basketball and football, all the while remaining a fine student and an active worker for his class.

Good luck to you, Frank, and may you always strike out failure in the game of life as easily and as successfully as you have at Evergreen.



JOHN E. SWEITZER

Another cherished son of Calvert Hall decided to cast his lot with this generous score of lads. Jack came with a determination to keep us ever guessing—note that as his secret of holding attention, and he has succeeded well. Our interest is as ever green as when it first became aroused, and we are as much on our toes, keeping track of Jack's chameleonic temperament, as we ever were. But he always remains generous, and his famous auto is ever well laden with students.

Carry your memory back to a Soph social evening of two years ago. That game boxer whom you see, a novice, undoubtedly, is Jack. Oh! that was a memorable night and a memorable year. Jack reached his greatest heights in the famous football game.

Jack was another of the ten who worked so nobly for the equally famous Prom.

Just keep the world guessing, Jack, and you'll win with a *beau geste*.



GEORGE W. TANTON

Out of the cold, frozen North came George, who, because of his trouser length, was dubbed "Lank."

Everybody has a good word for Lank. His good disposition wins him that honor. Indeed, he was never known to say an unkind word about another; if he could not speak well of someone, his opinion remained strictly his own.

Several honors came to Lank in his Junior year. He was named Captain of the baseball team; he was named on the Prom Committee; he was censor of the Debating Society.

Our best of wishes go to Lank in whatever path of life he may choose to follow. Somewhat of a serious-hearted chap, he taught a lesson in serious-mindedness to those about him—a trait that will serve him in good stead, and win him the respect of men. As we say after an introduction, "Glad to have met you, Lank; hope you stay in Baltimore."



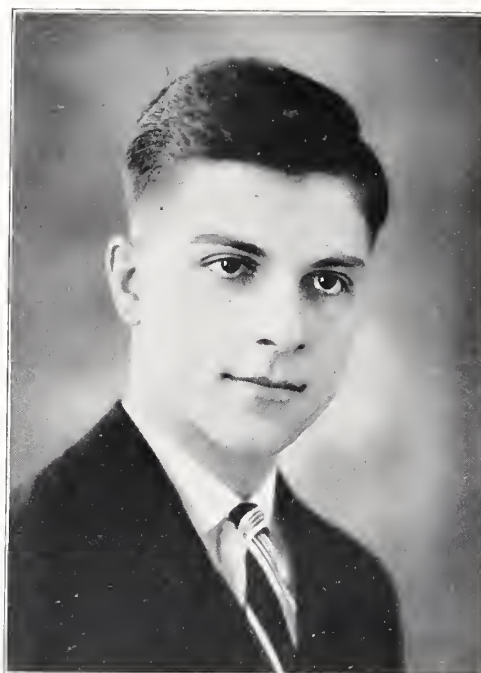
EDWARD W. TRIBBE

If there were ever a man who justly lays claim to honor and esteem, it is he who is pictured above. Among his many qualities that we might extol these best tell you of our friend and editor: loyalty to school, zeal for work, sincerity for friendship.

With courage and conviction he carries on his every task, carries on in spite of great and discouraging odds, for he realizes that through determination and ardent labors, dreams are brought from realms potential. To this realization Loyola owes many of her activities; to this realization this little volume and our campus paper, *The Greyhound*, mutely pay tribute.

Yes, as an editor, Ed has proven inestimable to Loyola and we find him equally competent as a Classicist, a name he well deserves, because of his ceaseless perusals of Latin and Greek authors. Then, as Secretary, an office he has held proficiently for four long years, he served the Class of '28 as its official recorder.

We know not Ed's future avocation, but in parting, we would say that success will crown his every effort. And time will increase those sterling qualities, so that when life's winter approaches it will find our Ed ever the gentleman, ever the scholar, ever the loyal son of his Alma Mater.

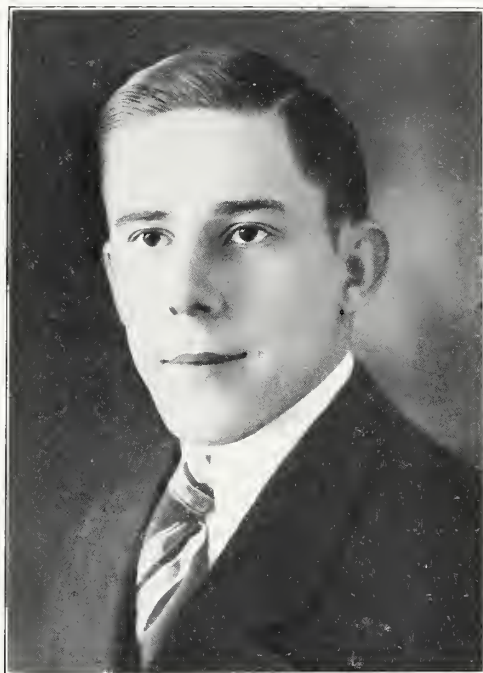


ADOLPH M. WASILIFSKY

"Wassy," as he is familiarly known to his classmates, became an integral part of the Class of '28 in Freshman. Coming to us from Polytechnic Institute, he quickly fitted into our collegiate life and has proven himself an able student and an earnest upholder of his Alma Mater. He had the rare privilege of being Captain of the Track team in '25—a veritable Pheidippides (without a knowledge of Greek, but with ample compensation in Chinese).

"Wassy" also took an active part in debating and public speaking; his latest achievement being that of representing the College in the National Oratorical Contest.

The class really believes that with his potentialities for success he will do great credit to the Class of '28, and that his name will ever be before the public eye as that of a power behind the throne of Progress.



JOSEPH W. WELZANT

Joe came to us with the reputation of being a boxer of unusual ability. This reputation was honored by all until a certain Soph social evening revealed its true colors. Joe gave a characteristic display of his talent in a six-round victory over his shadow.

Joe found more than passing fancy as the reason for his devotion to the fistic art, for he finds it serves him well in his capacity as official referee in P. A. L. activities.

Our subject is inclined to be reticent, especially during class hours, but let him be disturbed in anywise and a Vesuvius of eloquence will have its fling: sure fire, true fire it is, which all have taken in good faith, since Joe always has at heart the good of his listeners.

Our friend finds expression for his accomplishments in the field of sport. A fine, good sport has it made of him, too.

Last Words

G. O'D. B.	Heh! heh! heh!
W. J. B.	That guy gives me a pain
J. F. D.	Well, ah-h-h!
J. L. D.	Gimme a drag.
J. V. D.	Hey, Nat!
J. F. E.	What time is it, Brindley?
T. N. F.	'T snowin'.
T. G. G.	Da-da-de-da-da!
M. I. J. G.	Don't you know!
J. F. K.	I'll fix it.
W. F. K.	Air! gimme air!
E. S. M.	Eight ball!
R. D. M.	No; that's wrong.
E. J. M.	How much will it be?
B. J. M.	Four and a quarter!
C. F. M.	Don't say that, pal!
J. E. O'B.	Aw, shucks!
F. P. R.	Superb!
F. J. S.	I dunno!
J. E. McC. S.	Well; who are you?
G. W. T.	Where's the place, Hap?
E. W. T.	Well, I swan!
A. M. W.	How was I?
J. W. W.	"Me and my shadow."





Prophecy

*Unfold, seer portals of the mystic west,
 Unbar the pathways, cloud betstrewn and blessed
 With earth's most intimate reflection bright
 Of Heaven's splendor far beyond! O, light
 Of prophecy, upon my eyelids play
 With rainbow touch and golden starred array!
 But if with sorrow wilt thou toy, enchain
 The tongue so newly learned, and leave thy train
 Of dreams forever swathed in shadows, blind and dumb.*

*The never-failing light of man's esteem
 Shall honor thee: whatever be the dream
 Of fame thy toiling great espouse to win—
 I see thee first, because all shadows thin
 Before the glory of thy name.*

*Be glad,
 Just friend, e'en now I see thee skilled enough
 To thumb the books of law, but—fate's rebuff!
 'Tis as a vender of these tomes.
 E'en silent masters deem thy bargains bad,
 Who much abuse the law that, chemist wise,
 They may discover where the ion roams.
 And thou, insanely rapt, the fate of kings
 Shalt guide, yet—wasted life!—all wooden things
 Endaised on a checker-board.*

*Behold!
 Thy heraldry a triple ball of gold
 Shalt thou from pride reveal; but list thee well,
 A Latin Quarter shall thy profits tell.
 And yon Apollos—how my vision lies!—
 The goddess of the screen between the twain
 Whose favor kind to court shall be a-main:
 Lest she their friendship sever, with for one
 The role of Sheik, and for the other none!*

*Who's this that looms before my peering eyes?
 Though jests eternal scoff upon thy lips,
 Thou'lt serve the ferric horse (without the whips
 Of power), for thine it is to call the universe
 Of industry to trains announced in terse
 Well studied phrase.*

*Is this my friend forlorn.
 Just waiting, waiting for the huntsman's horn?
 Ah, no! he's but a jockey paid to ride
 While others all their hopes in him confide.
 There's one I see whose fingers yearn for gold,
 But Justice mused, and found his talents hold
 A better right to matching Romeos—
 (Be not deceived, for Fortune's record shows
 He is the marriage clerk, and not the père.*

And here's another free from ev'ry care;
In jolly knickers see, the city's "boss":
A frown? then all the office seekers toss
Their lethargy aside (a man must earn
His pay).

Now when did this his magic learn:
Great wizard teaching rustic youth to think
In premises the while their bright eyes blink
To keep sweet sleep away.

Can fate, mefears,

Mean this reformer with his week-old tears
To be the lad who once had longed to stage
A preakness?

What! and here behind this cage
Judged *very diligent* of yore at cards
My friend serves pay-checks to his circus pards!

Lo! here's the *ghost* of dapper Brummel friend
With all his hopes reduced to comprehend
The meaning of a job. He's found his chance
To dig at last! No treasure seeks his glance
But Yorick's skull—he would philosophize!

Ah! must I jot grim truth?—this man so wise
Is understudy for great H. L. M.—

Though he despise his kind, he can't condemn
His officeboyship to this company,
Alas! for all his youth of minstrelsie!

Yet he's a sport. And so's wry jester Bill,
Who "fancies frogs" and soon will amply fill
Promotership to tournaments of hops.

He'll rescue when Pavlowa's favor stops
This jumping, flitting dancer, who I've read,
Shall stand on tiptoe for his daily bread.

Ah! Fortune! jeering siren! yet, at least
This lad is at the threshold of his feast:
A-winding baseball cores is recompense
(As smoke of leaves is Arab frankincense)!

E'en Jupiter must humbly nod, and praise
Where this fair orator shall sore amaze
The Solon's 'round his bema octagon,
And rouse the very stones to mutiny
Against the pressed grape: and here is one
Rebels, decries more laws than he can see
In Ethics books that form his treasury.

Judge ever of bright deeds as these as famed
In ev'ry clime, for here the last has tamed
The muse to write them well and paint them gay
That he may make his novels amply pay.

So thank you, Fate, that you've been gracious kind,
I feel not slighted, but content to find
You deemed my lot so eerie weirdly trite
You would not waste the ink its course to write.



Senior Reverie

COME, let us walk with history, the teacher of the ages, and in her sublime presence, rehearse in noble strain these years, alas! so quickly fled.

Freshman—Lo! in these rosy-bosomed hours, fair Apollo's eye glances down into the fields of endeavor in the valley of life. Here three sons of Nature toil and labor in the youthful forest they are fostering: Father Mark Smith implants the seeds of past glory; Father Crawford reminisces of Euclid; Mr. Russell Sullivan enthuses over the beauties of nature and the poesy of Virgil. Fifty are the elms that are rising in the grove, each with a well-remembered name carved deep in its tender bark; each the temple of a spirit which our gift of prophecy hath garbed in the robes of noble profession.

The shadows shorten, the temples rise higher. 'Tis foliage of a newer hue than Evergreen had known. Who ere then had heard of Freshman Rules? Who ere then had dared dictate what bond should grace the spirit's hand? But only a whisper to the spirits of these trees and a code of Justinian for all future spirits of groves to come was foretold as the fruits of the ambitious blossoms, as a contract hitherto unthought of was fashioned. Looking back now, we can presume upon the order of history and note that the fruits have made a rich harvest, and from the seeds have sprung tradition. For Freshman Rules prevailed.

And was it tribute to the holy hewer of wood, that these fifty gave of their own to honor St. Joseph with an image in a niche of the little chapel—this as an expression to dearly remembered Father McEneaney of our gratitude for his interest in us?

The spirits of the trees chant in epic strains their parting to their first year of life, and as they sink down to vacation's rest they breathe forth a prophetic utterance of warning to the seedlings in the sod: "Woe to ye who come after us."

Now sinks the sun westward, and with him go of the laborers two: Father Smith and Mr. Sullivan. Of the spirits, too, does he take his toll: these temples stand forever deserted, whose inscriptions read: Baine, Carroll, Ensor, Kane, Diffendahl, Dorsey, Flynn, Matthews, Lochboehler. To these, farewell.

Sophomore—Now as the fiery mantled sun arises, ruddy with the flame of oratorical zeal, new laborers stroll along the lanes of trees, and note the names thereon. Four they see are freshly carved: Mitchell, Gedra, Brooks and Desmond. These names are new, indeed, but it seems these spirits have been with us in the days that went before. So together all the spirits list with rapt attention as Father Murray emulates John Chrysostom and Mr. Ryan speaks his admiration for Plato and Father Crawford hastes into the labyrinthian recesses fashioned by Boyle and Archimedes. But, wait, another! Mr. Blatchford takes the trees in hand, and to their spirits reveals the secrets of the elements that have conspired to fashion wonders for mankind and their magic formulae.

The dark hours of melancholy days have coursed our crests, but our spirits rally round the spirits of wisdom and seemliness in Mitchell and Enright,

who impart in answer to our zealous beseechings the Grecian principles of the stadium. We rush to a work hitherto unhonored, and for our reward gain conquest o'er the lowly Freshmen. And who shall lead the onslaught? The spirits all agree on "Hap." 'Tis this stout elm that won for us the claim to "Conquer" or "Conqueror" in gridiron honors.

Soon the year's at the spring, and all life's a-maying. The spirits catch the urge to let their souls expand in terms of rhetoric. Again comes victory over the Freshies. And these the heroes of the fray forensic: McHugh, Perciot, Sullivan.

Ere the year came to its close the spirits all agreed to leave their posts of duty for a few hours to while away the happy moments in carefree sport. What a revelation it was! Here were boxers unsung, glee-throated tenors without fame, pianists unheralded. Surely did these spirits know each other well from that night on.

Now, with wisdom all new and experience, too, again we chant farewell for another interval of rest. But, alas! for some few spirits was it a lasting farewell. Mark them as they pass—Brooks, Gedra, Sullivan, Simpson, O'Connell, Mitchell.

Soon again, the sun rained out its beams and called together the sleeping spirits. It is a new light, a gleam with the beauty of philosophy. The grove gathers in a full and generous share of it, as Father Lucey imparts to the spirits the sublimity of truth and confounds the erring principles of vain philosophers. Father Crawford e'en yet stands over the spirits in sceptred might with thunder at his beck and call, and all the laws of nature. Father Hacker gives them principles economic, and Father Schmitt—see how he has grouped even us in lasting portraits of these smiling days?—solves the unhallowed intrigues of secretly concocted solutions. And there's another still—how long he toiled with all of us at some time of our career!—Father Ziegler keeps a chosen band still faithful to the classics.

Here the spirit of one, Desmond, taketh leave and flits away to groves of sunny California and soon returns with honor weighted down. There's thirst for victory in forensic display. This time our hearts exult in the success of Wasilifsky's joyous, clear peals of oratory.

Now, hush thee! Comes a hallowed night devoted to tradition. 'Tis Maytime and the foliage in this Junior grove rustles in response to strains of music that Terpsichore was tempering to fit her rhythmic beat. There's pride and joy, too, in these Juniors' hearts, and could their spirits succumb to a painter's touch and help him picture their emotion, it were a thrilling picture! And how the unmatched leader beams, President Killian! It is his hour of glory!

Senior—And is the end so soon attained? The rustlings of this grove have more subdued become, and there is stateliness in how these towering elms now stand. Their spirits are wiser grown and their pursuits are noblest. It is a solemn conclave in these last few months that deeply drinks the words of well-beloved Père Ooghe. Urge deeper, Father Schmitt, our quest must bring us all the wealth of chemistry, e'en though our foreheads burn with toil! And what of morons? What of Society? These spirits well must know. See, Father Ayd is anxious to assist them. And Father Risacher for his parting word gives sound advice upon our holy dogma. And Mr. Ryan is there to help in the grand preparation for our work in the world.

Withal is Terpsichore come again when we in autumn garb are clothed. Forsooth, our spirits sprightly dance again. Again the double wisdom (of the field of sport and of the lecture hall) wins favor in our grove, as Desmond, Enright, Tanton will attest. And who is that, that sits among the spirits and communes with Zeus in the well-named *Greyhound*? The spirit of Tribbe, be ye answered. And who among the spirits has mastered science? Be ye answered again, 'Tis Kavanagh. And who hath charm to win the esteem of all? Be answered, Ferciot. And who can fashion men to glory on the field—'tis Enright. And who is most deserving of our thanks of all our spirits? Be answered, Mills.

And thus our story's told; our task is done. And lest we be forgot, look ye to our memorial tree hard by.

Famous Combinations

FRESHMAN OFFICERS

Nat Ferciot, President
Bill Killian, V-President
Bill Bullen, Treasurer
Ed Tribbe, Secretary

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

Bill Killian
Brindley Mills
Joe Donnelly
Ed Tribbe

JUNIOR OFFICERS

Bill Killian
Nat Ferciot
Bill Bullen
Ed Tribbe

PROM COMMITTEE

Bill Killian
Nat Ferciot
Jim Kavanagh
Ed Tribbe
Jack Sweitzer
Tom Gray
Brindley Mills
Frank Roberto
Hap Enright
Lank Tanton

SENIOR OFFICERS

Nat Ferciot
Bill Killian
Bill Bullen
Ed Tribbe

SOPH NIGHT COMMITTEE

Jim Kavanagh
Frank Roberto

ATHLETIC MANAGERS

Jerry Bowersox
Bill Bullen
Charlie Montgomery







Juniors

THE GREAT long table has been cleared and the toastmaster rises. Quoth he in his opening address:

"Yearly has it been thus and thus may it ever be. Our kind professors we greet with a spirit of comradeship and may their reverential brows be smoothed of all anxiety as there passes a pleasant evening spent in the appreciative company of the class of '29—we Juniors.

"A cursory glance about this festive board gives me certitude (at least subjective) that to a man we have survived this Slingluffian repast and since the pillows have been distributed we will proceed with the speakers of the evening. There is among us a man who can talk professors out of more classes than Barnum could wheedle dimes out of a gullible public; one who is ever ready with an apology in the name of the Junior Class for our countless transgressions, but after all, why shouldn't he? He's the president, Hugh Meade."

(Ten minutes flit by as he talks himself out of an after-dinner speech and humbly apologizes for his presence.)

Again the toastmaster rises: "We will be favored with a few long indefinable words from the lad who arranges our yearly banquet despite the fact that he is the busiest man in the world, by his own admission. He attends most of the classes at Loyola, a fair percentage at U. of M. Law, and with religious regularity exercises a few horses out Pikesville way. His favorite pastime is to walk up to a group and in a preoccupied mien ask for someone whom he knows 'blamed well' to be elsewhere; the negative answer elicits a shrug, a vacant stare and away he lightly bounces in search of him whom he cannot find. Bob Slingluff."

(Fifteen minutes pass during which time he enlightens the assembly with his idea of just what Loyola should be—and, thank heaven, is not.)

Toastmaster, of course: "Many's the time we have slept through parables about the Scribes and Pharisees. Lo and behold! here in our midst we have both. Now if everyone promises absolute quiet and attention we will be lulled to sleep by Harry Mackall, whose superhuman duty has been to record the minutes of our riots, or meetings, as you will."

(Four minutes of good, sound common sense, on what to do and how to do it and that means everything.)

"They say that in the old days the Publicans collected the taxes and the Pharisees, the gossip. We are blessed with a combination of both. A good Pharisee but a far better Publican. He's twins—Tom Grogan."

(Ten minutes of pecuniary advice and an earnest exhortation to pay just debts promptly.)

"Get next to me, it looks like a stiff test. Got all the dope? All set? Let's go. Close formation. This introduces the 'Sherlock Holmes-Doc Watson' team of the world's most variegated collection of temperaments. Scribbly Borgmeier, the Sherlock Holmes, and J. Arnold Boyd, the Dr. Watson."

(Five minutes apiece to bashful enlightenment on the value of good-fellowship.)

"Now to the musicians. A Richard Wagner and a Sergei Rachmaninoff. Many's the beating the old piano has taken at the sledge-hammer touch of 'Cholly' Pick. And about Aristotle Fairbank's technique and tone on the sax; well, the least said the better."

(A ten-minute vocal refrain of the popular airs from "No, No, Nanette." A duet but slightly flat.)

"As I scan the roster of our justly famous class two names appear which refuse to be dissociated. It is strange; for one is loquacious, the other a living Sphinx, but the attraction has its cause in an insatiable appetite for cards. Although an unusual procedure we will now be the recipients of a duet by Hanrahan and Belz."

(Thirty-five of those precious minutes are assassinated during which time Hanrahan enlightens the assembly on the latest rules of Pitch. Belz furnishes the punctuation.)

"Ishmæl in the side pocket and the eight ball was sunk. Jawn Max Hanley, the Towson chronic, thus performs under the careful tutelage of Richard 'Scotty' McGrann, generous until it hurts (very easily injured)."

(Two minutes thirty-five and one-half seconds on a Willie Hoppe lecture, "How to hold a cue." And two more minutes of strong acquiescence on the part of Richard "Scotty" McGrann.)

"No class is complete without its athletes. We have with us a man who stands head and shoulders over us all, at least in stature. Also he has been chosen to lead the football team to higher glories next year. Bad Bill 'Bowser' Bunting."

(A fine ten-minute contention that athletics do not interfere with studies; if studies are just ignored.)

"He comes and goes, and goes and comes. Whither he comes and where he goes, well I won't tell, but its a good Irish name, Tom Coyle."

(Ten minutes on settling down and its advantages.)

"They're off." "Our horse will probably arrive before tomorrow." "It's too bad he's lame." "Oh, well, you can't win all the time." Such are the consolations Joe Healy, Denny McLaughlin and Jim Curry hand themselves when their nag lays down on them. But let's hear their own version of the game."

(Three-minute talks on "How to Play Them.")

"Now if you want something done, here's a pair whose enthusiasm does not exceed their common sense—a rare virtue. They give their utmost to any

event of our eventful class. Conservatives both. Joe Blair and Frank Max Mace."

(Ten minutes each of resignation to duty.)

"It's only a tin Lizzie but it will bring you and take you (broke). Its inflated spheroids lose their rotundity on one side only. It was red but has long since passed its blushing age. It is an amalgamation of parts collected by William Randolph O'Donnell, its owner, and John Gilbert 'Dicky' Schmidt, its engineer."

(Ten minutes between them on the "ins and outs" of things, sensational and otherwise.)

"Every day is picnic day for some, but for others prune sandwiches *ad nauseam*. Whether he feeds himself alone or the multitude, or whether prunes are healthful if not palatable, 'Pat' Murphy and Harold 'Pete' Monahan should know."

(Seven and one-half minutes each in which Murphy explains to the dissatisfaction of everyone the reason for his picnic lunch, and extends a cordial invitation to Orphan Annie Monahan, who accepts with hungry thanks.)

"If this conclave will please rearrange their pillows and the gentleman on my left will kindly arouse the lad under the table, we will hear how it feels to be an all-Maryland basketball player and holder of the unofficial record of 66 consecutive foul shots. Your Uncle Dudley."

(Sixty-five minutes given over to an explanation of how it's done—and how!)

"Philadelphia politics are not corrupt and Philadelphia politicians are philanthropists. If you don't believe it 'Duke' Mosser will tell you."

(Ten-minute speech and it was "oil" right.)

"The pennies flew thick and fast, but they did not get past our own Lord Chatham McGowan."

(Five minutes during which the "A's" get broader and the "R's" actually roll out the door.)

"'Right is right,' so quotes our embryonic Demosthenes, John Doyle."

(Three hundred seconds of elevating exhortation and comment on national problems.)

"They possess but one humor between them, and that's a good one. If there is more to be said, they'll say it. Messrs. Gould and Sybert."

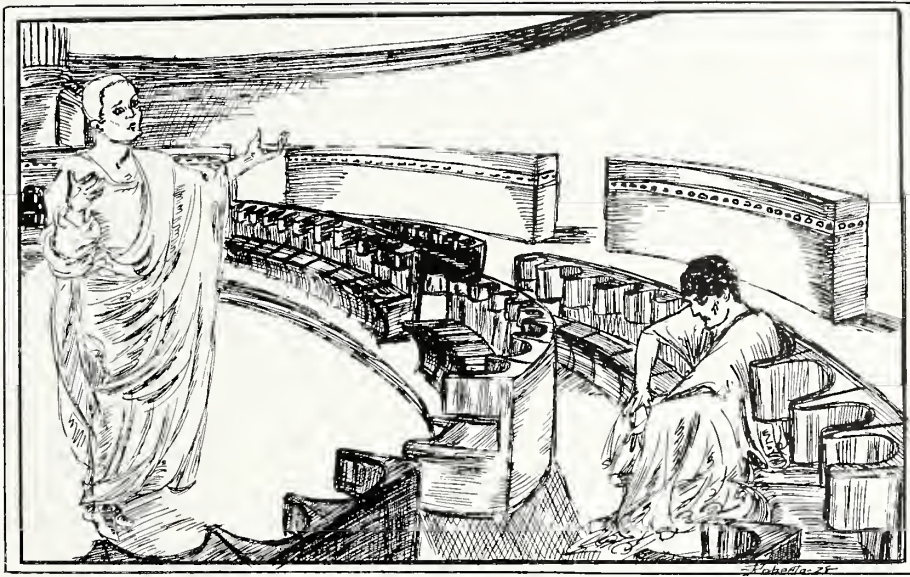
(Twenty minutes on the Philadelphia trip by Sybert, accompanied by loud guffawing on the part of Gould, who seemed to be supplying the parts left out by his partner.)

"If the very life of this nation depended upon them, they could be none the less serious. If between them they had a contract to stand beneath the Falls of Niagara and by means of their overdeveloped vocal proclivities be heard above its mighty roar, they could not be louder. If C. C. Pyle were to stage a talking marathon there would be no safer bet than Moran and Kunkel."

Long, loud and earnest they were going strong when the toastmaster slipped quietly away; for yearly has it been thus and thus may it ever be—we JUNIORS.







Sophomore

*I*N THE PRESENCE of the majestic splendor of high Olympus, the earthlings summoned thither at the call of Mighty Jove, faltered, amazed and marveling. Now as never before to the eye of mortal man was given, the magnificent vision of the brilliance of the court of Jove, universal god.

And even while mute in bewildering astonishment there came forth, shining and emblazoned as the aureole of the sun god in Western sky, Jove the immortal. And spake he thus in tones of the thunderbolt. "Ye have been called from afar to this, immortality's domain, as ye have been deemed most worthy as spokesmen of the race of men. Fitting it is indeed, as tribute to the eloquence of your earthly tongue, that to you it is given to express the aspirations of your people. Vain hath been our handiwork, as casting eye upon the far reaches of humanity, it doth seem as if mortal creation, the pride of the gods, writhes in vexatiousness of spirit and inconstancy of purpose. It hath pleased us when the face of nature, and nature's fabric of the gods, man, seemed well-disposed as when fresh from the hands of Lachesis, the thread of his web of life was spun.

"What say ye! Stand ye idle in the market places! O orators of mankind! Stand forth laurel-crowned. And with Stentor-lent voice proclaim anew the fiat imperial that shall return afresh to mankind his pristine happiness."

Then, ere Jove had finished, from amid the concourse, with measured dignity, as one ennobled with the message of the god, stands Bouchelle, the dauntless; saluting the father, full-throated comes the message. "Let men serve the gods in all they do. That alone is the only happiness this side of Elysium."

Scarce had this message winged its way afar on the thunderbolt of Jove, when in accord spring forth, Byrnes, McGrath and Bauernschaub, to acclaim its utterance.

Followed he called Spence, blond as Valhalla's Viking crew, calm and measured: "Life is but the interlude wherein we wait for better things. Why seek perfection in it, when all is so fleeting"?

Emboldened with the nod of Jove, strode forth Loden, he of warrior mien and proportion. With uplifted arms he summons forth to the council of his right hand, Simms, Judge and Remington. Straightway to the sceptre of the god, there laurel-crowned, the reverberations of their message come back: "We proclaimed that men are all iconoclasts. Let them have gods with feet of clay and they will be happy."

Scholarly, as fresh from Parnassus' sheltered groves with academic tread to the awaiting accolade, forth come Feeney, Evering, Kleff, McDonough and Doehler. "Life's happiness is found only in the calm of cloistered halls of study. Wisdom maketh the life of man full."

"Doubt of whatever kind can be ended by work alone. He has found life who labors. The gods place sweat before pleasure." This uttered in unison by Hild, Dougherty and Frounfelker, caused the frowning Bacchus to turn away in scorn.

A triumvirate follows then, Reuter, May and Rodgers. "Life is pleasure. Pleasure so that the affections therein may not wither; that life may bring culture, beauty and amenities. This we offer."

Kurek and Troche then before the throne of Feretrius bowed: "Life is to make one's self useful in an humble way. It is repose of simple domesticity."

"As the grace of man is the mind, so the beauty of the mind is Eloquence! Let this be our message to man." So spoken is this by Wills, Delea and Kelly, they of the golden tongues.

Out from the court of Audience to the daisied throne, scroll in hand, they known as Thoman, Vasilauskas and Zerhusen, clarion-toned, read out their messages: "Life say you, what is it? Man is his own star. I know not other lives."

Then strode to the fore, the five stalwart figures of Kane, Connelly, Intrieri, Healy and O'Donnell, they whose Olympian fame far transcended, great as it was, their oratorical ability and thunderously declaimed: "Life is a battle, let it go to the strong."

"Dam not its current, but let it run its tumultuous way on to sea, so that we may watch and smile at the vagaries of its course." This from Kemp, Cartwright and Fleming, who with gestured bow retire.

"If thou wouldst know Life, first 'Know Thyself!' To the race of men we would place this, our message, to the end that life be tranquil." In this manner did Maur, Doyle and Ciesielski manifest their understanding of the heart of mankind.

The council ended; Jove rising, speaks: "Men of wisdom, ye have spoken fair and wise. Each before the throne has expressed the mold and substance

of his character and each in his expression has well pleased the gods. Go forth then from this mountain into the kingdom of nations and there proclaim your gospel to humanity. In this will the gods be supremely happy."

Freshman Rules, 1927-28

To show what law-makers these Sophs be, we here append the code with which they brought the Freshmen to task.

The following Rules MUST be observed:

RULE ONE

Freshmen will wear the Freshman cap everywhere on the campus.

RULE TWO

Freshmen will yield the right of way to all upperclasmen.

RULE THREE

Freshmen will use the concrete walks at all times, and will not at any time enter the garden.

RULE FOUR

Freshmen will not smoke in the lunchroom.

RULE FIVE

Freshmen will commit to memory the official songs and yells of the College by noon, October 1.

RULE SIX

Freshmen, when told by proper authorities, will aid in any work for the Athletic Association.

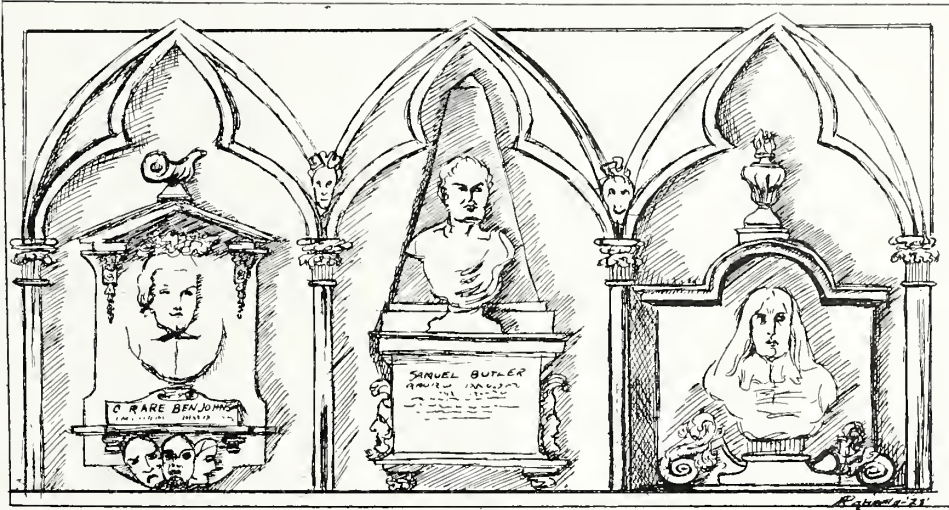
RULE SEVEN

Freshmen will be present at all College activities, especially at their own class meetings and at all athletic contests they will sit in the cheering section, wearing caps. Roll call will be made by the President of the Freshman Class, or some other officer of the Class, and report made to the Chairman of the Vigilance Committee. Check will also be made at the gate at all games.

RULE EIGHT

These rules must be memorized, as they will be strictly enforced by the Vigilance Committee. The final interpretation of these rules will rest entirely with the Vigilance Committee.





Freshman

*I*T IS A SUNNY APRIL MORNING in old England. For the benefit of those precise individuals who punch time-clocks and govern their lives by daily train schedules, we may state that it is the thirteenth of April, in the year of Our Lord, 1941. The place is the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

The doors of the balcony which surrounds the Poets' Corner have just been thrown open to American tourists, come to see how poetry is made. At first there is a little noise as the old lady from Hoboken gets settled, but finally something akin to quiet reigns in the balcony.

But hark! (how does one hark, anyhow?) there is a disturbance on the floor. Oh, there it is. It is only an attendant escorting a tall dark young man from the section marked "Lyric Poets Only." His offense is that he is a dramatic poet. But see, another dark young (no, I'm not telling fortunes) man, though not so tall, is encountered. The two stare at one another for an instant with the usual poetical antagonism writ clearly on their countenances. Then, with very unpoetical shouts, so unpoetical that all the lyric poets and even one Epic poet, who is in this section to borrow paperclips, turn their heads in literary annoyance.

"Norman J. Cameron, I greet thee!" exclaims the newcomer.

"Hail, John I. Kirby, receive my salutations!" the reply from Cameron.

From the ensuing conversation the old lady from Hoboken, who is leaning so far over the rail to hear, that she almost dropped her bag of peppermints, learns that Messrs. Kirby and Cameron graduated from Loyola College in 1931; that both are recognized poets; that they have not seen each other since graduation, and that they are deeply concerned over the subsequent destinies of their classmates. What is more natural than to discuss their old classmates,

and with poetry ingrained in them, constant practice for ten years and their presence here where poetry is the all-prevailing topic, what is more natural than to discuss them in a poetical way (pardon the exaggeration, it's just my conceit), as it were?

Mr. Cameron, in that deep resonant voice which has thrilled so many literary societies and reading circles, commences to speak, ostensibly to Mr. Kirby, but loudly enough to be heard and admired by the lady from Hoboken, and—her daughter!

Cameron—*"There was the perfectly plausible Patrick,
Long, lanky Liston and blue-blooded Boone,
Keelan the cultured and Robb the rotund;
Fiery crowned Finnerty, Broadbeck the blonde.
Indeed, how their faces come back once again."*

Kirby—*"And then those collegians, the pep of the school.
Hooper the happy, grandiloquent Carr;
Norris the humorist, Kohlhepp the wise;
Green the superior, democrat Judge;
And Bill Neiberding, who boasted a laugh."*

Cameron—*"Omit not our Rodie, the rajah of math,
No, nor our Sanders, the split-second man.
Tierney the terrible, Connis the calm,
Crosson Croesus whose coat drove us wild;
Stack the satiric, or Galvin the wit."*

Kirby—*"Think of Ed Cannon, in football no dud,
And Honeyboy Helfrich, Père Duffy's delight.
Tyszko the tie lover; McFarland the mild.
Beauteous Butler, who toots on a horn
And twinkle-toed Twardo, whom Navy found fast."*

Cameron—*"And mind ye of Childress, who pacified profs?
Of Sandusk the spiritual and flighty young Feher?
Ellis the endless and Gregory grave?
Of quiet Stan Drozd, whose initials were S. A. D.?"*

Kirby—*"Aye, I remember them; long for them too,
Thoughts of old friends keep days ever bright."*

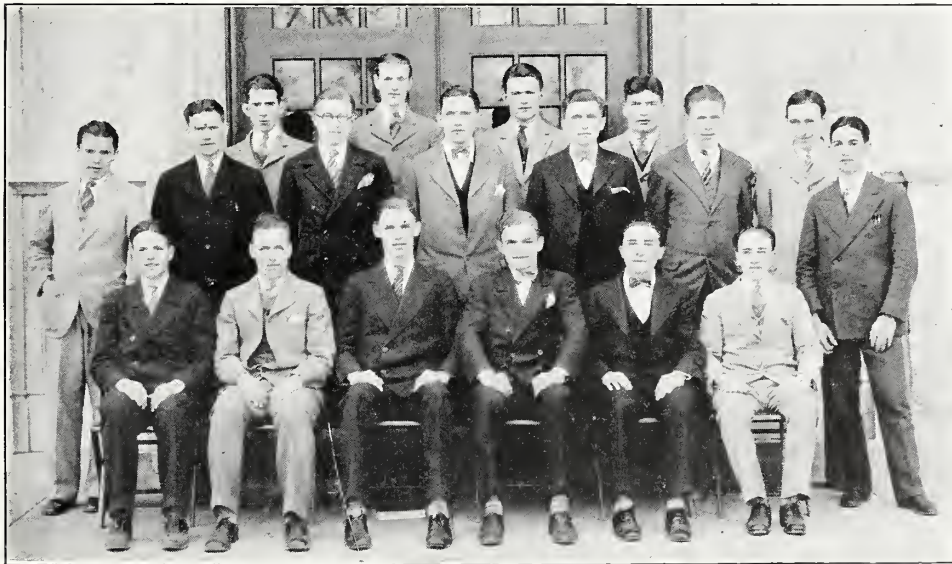
Cameron—*"Child, the great athlete, whose feats were admired,
And Rudolph the rambling, and brilliant Al Bunn"?*

Kirby—*"Great lads were they all, but there's more yet to name.
Ambitious Chas. Endres, the marathon man.
Pente the pensive, and Leahy the gay;
The friendly Alminde and Meyer the meek,
Fine fellows all, and worthy of fame."*

Cameron—"Oft have I wondered just how they turned out,
 What of old Mackey the medical stude?
 Frank X. McCormick of Thespian note?
 William Ruzicka, violinist sublime?
 The Sodaros, both Anselm and Man?
 What of Norm Feldpush, that frolicking youth?

Kirby—"Ten years separation, our time has fast fled!
 Where is Bill Stevenson, our gridiron delight?
 Weariless Watson and Broening the brave?
 Where is Jim Blair, from pastures bucolic?
 And calm Salamone, whose words were so few?
 Dependable Dunnigan; where is he now?
 Chester and Patro, the heavenly twins,
 Would I might look on their faces again."

Chorus "Following roadways where fortune has lead,
 of Thus our old classmates so widely have spread.
 Minor Well did we know them and highly esteem;
 Poets God bless them all; their memory keep green."



Green and Gray Staff of 1928

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The Greyhound

ANOTHER OF THE INNOVATIONS of the past year was the establishing of a student publication, a semi-monthly. If the interest with which each succeeding issue was awaited betokens anything, the little paper has won its way into the hearts of the students.

Its four humble pages amply provided for mention of the various activities, with slights given to none. Perhaps the most popular nook throughout was "Campus Clippings." The Sports column came in for its share too, while the "Exchanges" caught the eye with their novel subject matter.

The publication progressed under the watchful eye of Mr. E. A. Ryan, S.J., Faculty Moderator. The original staff is as follows:

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The Student Council

THE NEED of an organization to serve as a medium between the students and the faculty has long been felt at Loyola. However, various attempts to arouse interest in such a plan seemed to fail. This year showed better success, due in great part to the kind and earnest cooperation of our Rector, Rev. Henri J. Wiesel, S.J., for the realms of potentiality yielded to that of actual existence the present Student Council.

On Thursday, March 22nd, a constitution which specifies the duties and powers of the organization was formally adapted; and another innovation took its place in the list of new institutions at Loyola.

Though still in its infancy, the Council has done much to further the interests of Loyola. Young in years, yet wise in its pronouncements is a fitting description of the organization.

Ten there are who have been accorded seats in the meetings of the Council; four representatives are Seniors, three are Juniors, two come from Sophomore, and one from Freshman. The charter board is as follows:

Senior members: Thomas N. Ferciot, Chairman; J. Edward O'Brien, Secretary; William J. Bullen, William F. Killian.

Junior members: Hugh A. Meade, William L. O'Donnell, Philip T. Sybert.

Sophomore members: John S. Hild, John B. Wills.

Freshman member: H. Childress.



Debate

THE *ars dicendi* has had a rather hectic span of life this season. It was one of changes. After mid-year exams, Father Ayd replaced Father Geoghan as Moderator of the Senior-Junior Society, which was later to change its name to "The Robert T. Smith, S.J., Debating Society," in memory of the beloved professor who died while stationed at Loyola on April 19th, 1927. Father Geoghan became Moderator of the Freshman Debating Society.

The following students guided the destinies of "The Robert T. Smith, S.J., Debating Society": James Enright, '28, President; Philip Sybert, '29, Vice-President; Thomas Grogan, '29, Secretary; Joseph Murphy, '29, Treasurer; James Desmond, '28, Censor.

The officers of the Sophomore Debating Society are as follows: Pierre Kleff, President; Francis Connelly, Vice-President; Edward Doehler, Secretary; John S. Hild, Censor.

The Freshman Society divided its administration between two sets of officers. For the first semester the officers were: Philip Smith, President; Carroll Norris, Vice-President; Thomas Alminde, Corresponding Secretary; Francis McCormick, Recording Secretary; Harry Child, Treasurer. For the second semester: Francis McCormick assumed the Presidency; Emil Robb took up the Vice-Presidency; Edward Cannon became Secretary, and Charles Endres was elected Treasurer.

As we go to press, there are rumors afloat of a test of skill forensic between Freshman and Sophomore debaters.



John Gilmary Shea Club

THIS CLUB which enters upon its second year as a History Club with the season of 1927-28 was organized by Mr. E. A. Ryan, S.J. Mr. Ryan was moderator for the span of its existence, which, we had feared, was fated to be rather short. However, an interested group of students kept it from such a destiny, and late in March held the first meeting of the year.

The officers elected are as follows:

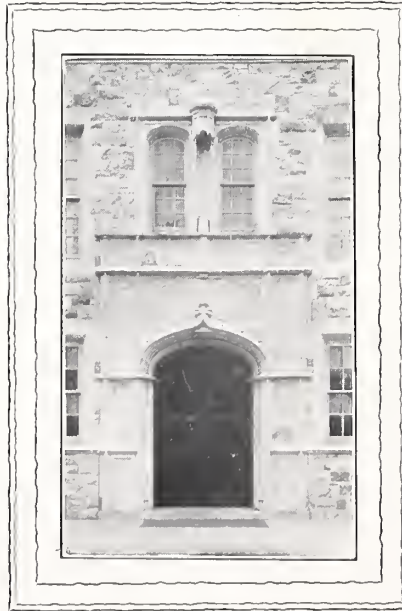
President, JOSEPH F. DANAHER, '28

Vice-President, JOSEPH A. MORAN, '29

Corresponding Secretary, THOMAS J. GROGAN, '29

Recording Secretary, FRANK P. ROBERTO, '28

Treasurer, STANLEY J. CIESIELSKI, Pre-Law.



The Mendel Club

*A*LL STUDENTS of Natural History and Biology had at their service this little Club. It started its activities quite early in the season with election of officers held on the evening of November 4th, 1927. Here are the results:

President, JAMES KAVANAGH, '28

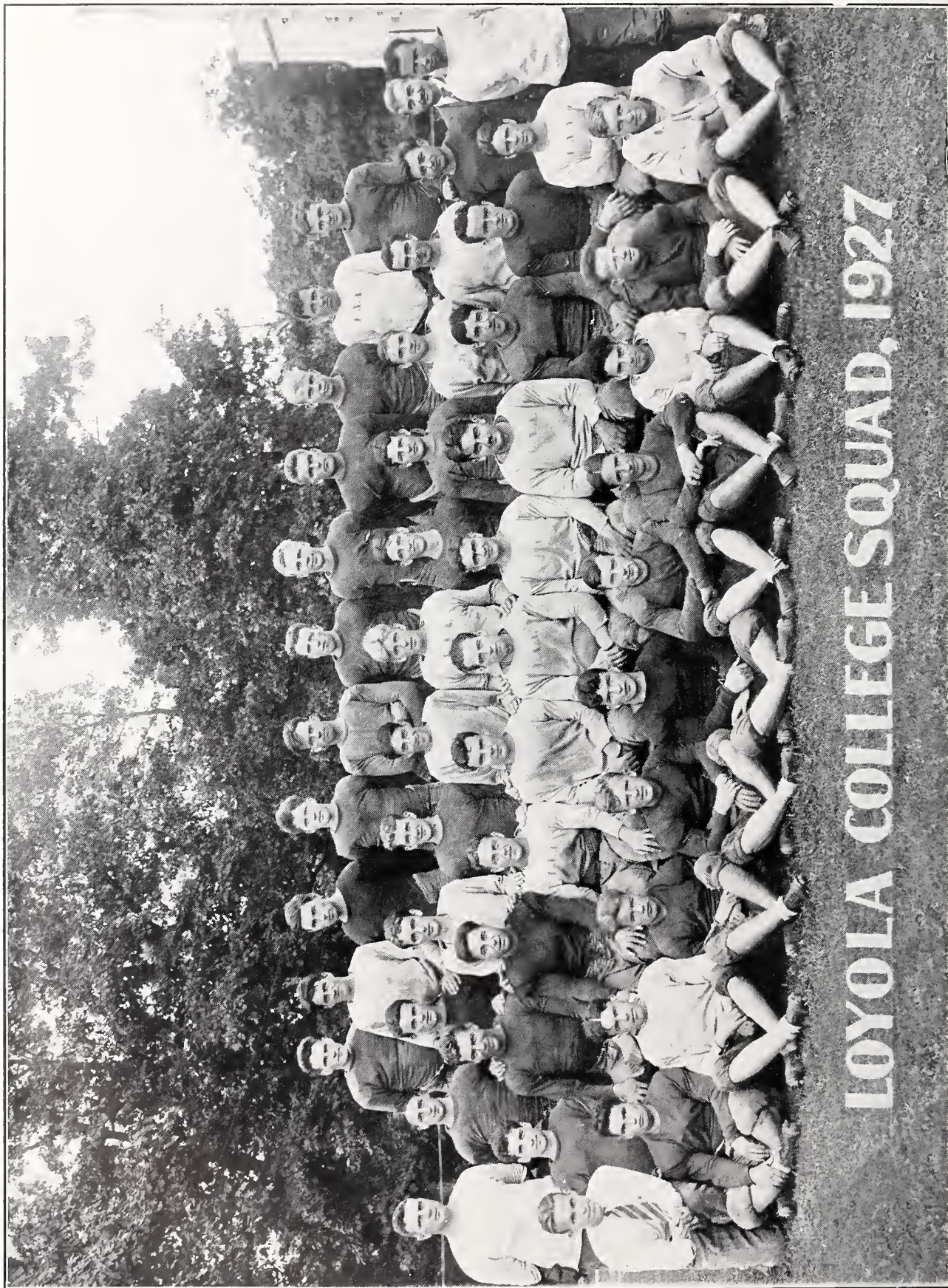
Secretary, PIERRE KLEFF, '30

Treasurer, BERNARD MCGOWAN, '29

The Club had the honor of sponsoring lectures given by some of the leading professors of the country, whose services were obtained through the influence of Mr. Charles Berger, S.J., Professor of Biology. To mention a few: Father John Brosnan, S.J., addressed the club on the subject, "Moths, Butterflies, and Their Larvae"; and later Father Tondorf, S.J., of Georgetown, gave an illustrated lecture on "Earthquakes and Their Detection."

Occasionally members of the Club took the floor and addressed their brethren in science on topics that were nearest their individual liking. Field expeditions have been planned for the late spring, tours which have been a source of much pleasure to our nature lovers.





LOYOLA COLLEGE SQUAD, 1927

Football Retrospect

LONG BEFORE the clarion call summoned us to another year of scholastic endeavor, Loyola bristled with activity, not the kind that calls for books, but that which calls rather for pig-skins. As August rolled into September, our gridiron hopefuls began to filter into Evergreen. From various out-of-state "Prep" schools, as well as local institutions, came our candidates who would now forsake their high school colors and pledge allegiance to the Green and Gray standard.

With an untimely cool mid-summer past, Old Sol came back with a vengeance and took his toll among the sweltering football aspirants. Pound after pound of summer avoirdupois melted away before the sun's attacks, and, coupled with the earnest endeavors of Coach Cofall and Assistant Miller, Loyola's fighting machine was quickly rounding into shape.

With the full squad of nearly half a hundred men, Evergreen soon became a football playground. From first day calisthenics to signal drills, then scrimmage, the Greyhounds were soon at leash to start upon another fall campaign. The schedule was a most auspicious one, the hardest ever attempted by our warriors. No loopholes appeared in the schedule, and to come through successfully called for prime physical condition, backed up by a hard-fought intelligent brand of football.

The Greyhounds, down to weight and employing the Notre Dame shift to perfection, were now ready to set their pace. Our first tilt for supremacy saw us engaging Villanova at the Stadium. The day was least suited for gridiron warfare, for it was overbearingly hot for that time of the season. The Mainliners, one of the best small college teams in the East, trailed our colors in the dust by a 20—0 score. Nevertheless, the Greyhounds carried the fight to the heavier and faster visitors and displayed a splendid game throughout. Captain Jimmy Desmond, all-Maryland center of 1926, stood out a mountain on the defense and a wildcat on the offense. Holding the Mainliners to one touch-down in each of the first three periods, tells the tale of Loyola's forward wall. The Greyhounds' weaknesses lay in the ends and the faulty covering of long passes. In all, the Green and Gray showed great potential strength.

The scene of our next battle shifted to Homewood. Catholic University, still brooding over the 7—0 defeat handed them at Washington last season by the Greyhounds, was out for revenge. The day, sullen in itself, became more sullen as the game progressed. The Greyhounds held the edge at 12—6 at half time. Their first score came when "Hap" Enright, receiving a punt, raced his way 80 yards for a marker. Next, Frank Dudley, on a double reverse play, sent our total points up to twelve.

During the second half, the Senators opened up their aerial barrage, which eventually spelled defeat for us. Loyola's defense of the air-lanes crumbled and



STANLEY COFALL, *Football Coach*

the third quarter saw Malevich, visiting fullback, tie the score. In the last quarter Loyola fumbled in midfield. Murphy sent a pass to Foley, who raced the remaining 40 yards with the Evergreen team at his heels. This gave Catholic U. the verdict, 18—12. "Revenge is sweet?" Ask the Senators.

The South called, and Loyola heeded the invitation. So our next game took us to far-away New Orleans for our first intersectional match with Loyola U., a sister college. The Southerners received us with open arms—yes, open arms of the Loyola U. forwards, who snatched in our passes and posted a 19—0 defeat on us.

The Wolves, taking advantage of the breaks, scored early in the first period. The Greyhounds then held the hosts during the second, third and most of the final period. With but three minutes to go, the Southerners intercepted two of our passes and turned them into touchdowns. Desmond, Healy, Watson, Enright and Marshall played well for Loyola, while Ritchey, Drouilhet, Kelly, Budge and Lopez held the honors for New Orleans.

Everybody should remember the 22nd of October, for the game of games, our tilt with Hopkins, filled part of the day. And what a game it was! Hopkins, playing a super brand of ball, passed and plunged its way to four touchdowns in the first half. All of the Greyhounds efforts were thwarted and the most Loyola could gather was a touchdown. But then the second half saw a reversal in tactics. It was all Loyola. The Greyhounds came to life and out-gamed, out-fought, out-played and out-generaled the Jays. During the third period, the efforts of Tanton, Tierney, Cannon and Child brought us within seven points of a tie score. The fourth quarter was memorable. With but a minute to play, and Loyola in possession of the ball on her own 30-yard line, a pass would have been our only saviour. The ball was passed and Child fell back to give his teammates a chance to get down the field and then, like a catapult, Child sent the sphere bounding through the air. Tanton, evading the secondary defense, fled down the field and, after valiant attempts, snatched the ball after its 50-yard ride. As "Lank" hesitated but a moment to grip the ball more firmly, Lawrence, alert Jay halfback, dogged Tanton's heels and dropped him in his tracks as the gun barked the end of the game.

Thus, while the first half proved a nightmare for Loyola, the second half saw the Greyhounds rise to wonderful heights with their valiant bid for victory. And so, the game ended 28—21 in favor of Hopkins.

The Greyhounds next entertained Washington College. This game proved their first step into the win column, for they calcimined the lighter Shoremen 34—0. Loyola employed straight football and experienced little difficulty with their opponents. Loyola scored twice in the first half and three more times during the final stages. Washington made a valiant effort to score in the closing moments, but the Greyhounds' forward wall proved too much for them.

Buoyed up with her first victory, Loyola next engaged the Western Maryland Green Terrors at the Stadium. But the end of the game found Loyola beaten by four touchdowns.

In a word, it was McMains who spelled defeat for the Greyhounds. In

all departments of the game, his playing was superb, and, aided by a shifty forward line, made telling gains for his mates. In the first quarter the Green Terrors tallied twice. The second quarter saw the Greyhounds make four first downs to the Terrors' one, yet, when in scoring territory, Loyola lacked the winning punch.

Captain Desmond, with his whole forward wall, played a splendid game. For they allowed the Terrors to chalk up only one counter in each of the remaining quarters. So the Terrors, accustomed to overwhelming scores in all their games, found their confidence a bit shaken by the stubborn play of our own Green and Gray.

It was in this game that Tierney's work won praise. Handicapped by an injured leg, he entered the game and made enviable gains in all his attempts, while his defensive play was of the highest calibre.

Juniata, from Huntingdon, Pa., was Loyola's second victim. The Greyhounds found their way to the foreign lair and came back with a well-earned 6—0 decision. Besides fighting against eleven football players, the Evergreenites also plied competition with the officials, for though Loyola scored several touchdowns, all were ruled out on some technicalities. Throughout the first, second and third quarters, Loyola fought doggedly to effect a score, but the officials leaned too much toward Juniata.

However, in the final quarter, Shea accomplished the inevitable and scored the only touchdown, which by some trick of fate was allowed. Five minutes later saw the end of the game, and Loyola the victor, with a confirmed 6—0 score.

The Greyhounds next assignment called for a game with the Middies at Annapolis. It was a case of David seeking to outwit Goliath. Truly, Loyola scored on the regulars, but the ever frequent replacements soon spelled disaster for Greyhound hopes and sent us down to a crashing 33—6 defeat.

The Greyhounds' score came with the kickoff. The waves of Loyola's efforts shoved back the Middy ship. Taking the opening kickoff, Loyola displayed a sterling offensive and worked the ball back from her own 15-yard line to a touchdown. By successive line plunges, interspersed with short passes, Loyola accounted for its only score.

After the first charge, Loyola was never dangerous and during the first half saw the Tars gather in 20 points. With Navy replacements coming thick and fast, the Middies tallied twice in the third quarter. This ended the scoring on both sides, as the fourth period went by without either team getting a marker.

The Greyhounds brought their rather heavy schedule to a successful close when they defeated Mt. St. Mary's 18—0, at Homewood on Turkey Day. The line and backfield functioned brilliantly throughout the tussle, while the combination marked Cannon-Shea-Cannon proved the big gun of the game.

Early in the first quarter Loyola chalked up two counters, when, after rushing the ball into scoring territory, a 25-yard pass, a reverse play by O'Donnell, good for ten yards, and a line buck of Cannon gave us our first

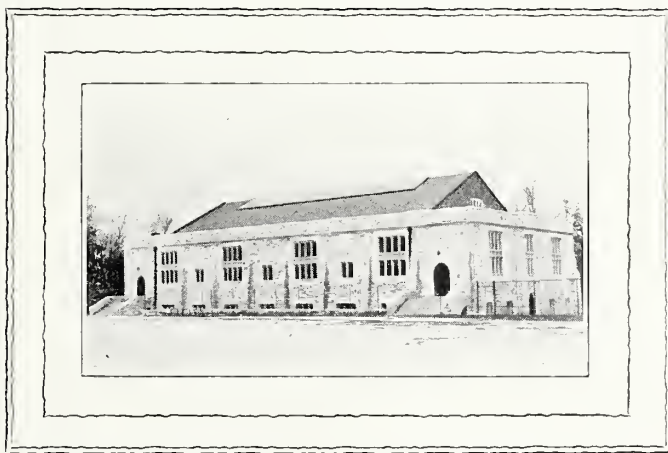
counter. Our second touchdown was made by Shea, when he plunged over the line after a savage drive down the field on straight football.

The second quarter was scoreless, though it proved the most interesting. It was a test of Loyola's strong forward wall. The Mountaineers took the ball on their own 30-yard line. A sustained attack gained 25 yards and then with but two feet to go to make a first down Loyola's defense stiffened and the Mounts lost the ball on downs.

The third quarter proved equally void of markers. Even when favored with Loyola penalties, the Mountaineers did not prove formidable. The end of the quarter saw the Mounts bid for a score when they tried numerous passes. Three were knocked down by the Greyhounds and the ball fell to Loyola.

The fourth quarter witnessed our final score. It was a "Cannon" made marker, for with 35 yards to go, Eddie, on six consecutive attempts, negotiated the distance for a touchdown. It was a beautiful brand of football plunging that carried Cannon to success. Again the Mountaineers tried the air lanes but lost out. Thus, Loyola's victory gave her the Catholic State title.

The season, while not a profound success in the way of victories, was nevertheless a credit to Loyola, in that considering the calibre of the teams we met, defeat at their hands was not ignominious. With this, football passed into memories.





Basketball

AFTER OUR none too proud record on the gridiron, we passed into the realm of basketball. This sport has always been a high spot in our winter activities, and so the Greyhounds made due preparations. The call for court candidates saw the return of many veterans, while the freshman class sent up a number of prep stars. To all indications, the Greyhounds were in for a good season, but the dope bucket was soon overturned. For, though the team played a brand of ball well enough to win, it lacked that finishing punch, that last drive for victory. And so it was that victory often eluded our group in the last few minutes of play by a close margin. The punch to end in action was missing and so the season was a good one—for our opponents.

Just before the Christmas recess, the Greyhounds followed out tradition and engaged the Alumni in a lively tussle. The Alumni called on former Loyola stars and they almost made good. The battle raged on equal terms throughout the greater part of the game, but soon the superior condition of the college squad showed itself and gave the Greyhounds a 28-21 decision. Monahan, the new guard, showed up well and the all-round good play of Capt. Dudley was convincing.

With the holidays as history, Loyola welcomed the new year with vigor. Our first assignment came with Baltimore University, the newest member to enter the State collegiate race.

The game opened with a Baltimore score, Loyola then retaliated and so throughout the whole first half the point advantage went to one, then to the other. After Liston, Dudley, Rodgers and Monahan had successively and successfully bombarded the basket for Loyola, and Baltimore had seen Diehl's and Bousman's contributions flicker through the net, the half ended with Loyola taking the advantage of a one-point lead, 12—11.

The second half saw Loyola in spirited action, and soon a commanding lead of 10 points opened the way for substitutes. These functioned well enough, but again gave way to the regulars who sidetracked a determined rally, and Loyola had cornered her second victory.

Frank Dudley, Captain, hero and star of the Greyhounds, accounted for 12 points. Morris and Diehl showed well for the visitors.

Hopkins, Loyola's closest rival in mileage and spirit, marked up a loss for the Greyhounds. The game was a replica of our football meeting, for Loyola lost out in the last three minutes by three points. Hopkins' return to the game was a surprise and her victory was equally surprising. The Greyhounds seemed bewildered and were soon fed up on the Jay's baskets; the first half ended with the Green and Gray lagging behind in a 16—9 score.

The second half was better and the Greyhounds made a valiant bid for the palm, but dame victory thought otherwise and the Jays carried off the first game of the series 26—23.

"The Flying Pentagon," words that strike terror into the hearts of the court aspirant, came next. But Loyola tried to side-track the whirlwind and while her efforts in the first half were excellent, the Shoremen buried us under

an avalanche of baskets in the final half.

The first half was fast and furious. Each team sought for an opening, while close guarding cut down the efficiency of the players. The Greyhounds hung on close, always within striking distance, and the half ended, 16—12, in favor of the Shoremen.

The second half was totally different. Washington brought into play all her tricks and the Greyhounds were unequal to the pace, and were smothered under a 41—23 score.

The Greyhounds next journeyed to Annapolis, where they met the Middies. Loyola had the Navy's goat until the closing minutes of the game, when the Middies' superior strength tied the score, which called for an extra period, in which the Greyhounds lost out.

The Middies remembered us from football and got another taste of "Greyhound" when, after a strenuous first half, Loyola held a 23—20 decision.

The second half opened on a desperate situation. The Middies started out afresh and were setting a hot pace. The Greyhounds held their own and matched basket for basket. Much of success was due to Big Bill Liston, who tallied sixteen points for us. With but a few seconds to play, Loyola held a two point vantage, but Lloyd, giant guard of the Tars, sneaked under the basket and tied the score at 37—37. In the five minutes playoff Navy amassed six points to our one and took a decided victory.

In our next meeting, that with American U. of Washington, Loyola still maintained the jinx. The game was another loss, 27—25, because that final punch was lacking.

The Greyhounds scored first and held on to a small lead, but soon a bombardment from our opponents put us in the van, so that at half time Jim Birthright's boys were enjoying a 14—11 advantage.

With the second half, Capt. Dudley opened up on the visitors' basket and brought us close to victory. It was never more than two points that separated the rivals and the game ended with that two point lead going to American U. 27—25.

The Green Terrors from Westminster were the next to grace the court at Evergreen. The game was nip and tuck all the way through, and the steady work of Dudley, Liston and Twardowicz left us on even terms with Western Maryland. The game ended with a 27—25 score in favor of the Terrors. The two-point loss jinx was still with us and although the Greyhounds made valiant efforts to capture the game, victory was not our destiny.

Loyola took to the road and journeying to New Windsor, played guests to Blue Ridge. Being away from home the Greyhounds thought it an opportune time to break the spell of defeat that seemed to hover over all our efforts. Loyola started out with a rush and looped a couple of baskets. Blue Ridge took their cue and matched our efforts. The game was most interesting throughout, but as the minutes ebbed away, there came a determined effort on the part of both teams to turn the game into a victory, but again two points denied the Greyhounds of the palm, and the game went to our rivals 31—29.

Our next game was the second of the series with Hopkins. And again the same old story was in evidence. The Greyhounds scented victory and their

first half efforts looked as if the game were on ice. The Green and Gray started an avalanche of baskets before the Jays were even warm, and so ran rings around our rivals. Dudley and Liston, at guard, played a bang-up game and with the whistle at the first half, Loyola led, doubling the Jay's score, 18—9.

With the second half Loyola passed into a lethargy. The Jays, spirited on by the master shooting of Logan, Jay forward, soon melted our lead with their hot pace. The game went to the Jays by three points, 33—30, the same advantage that Hopkins won by in the first set-to.

American U., playing a return game with the Greyhounds at Evergreen, fell a victim to the shooting of Dudley and Twardowicz. To all appearances, Loyola was still running in the rut, for all during the first half both teams played a cautious game, each waiting for the other to let down, and try as they would, the Greyhounds were helpless to gain an advantage. The visitors led at the half by 14—10.

With the start of the final half, Utz Twardowicz dropped a counter in, and Dudley followed with two fouls, knotting the score. Again it was tied at 16 all. American U. lost out on its long shots and Loyola working steadily, amassed point after point until the whistle gave us the game, 25—18.

Let us quote the *Greyhound* to give an account of the trip:

"On Wednesday, the 22nd of February, the Green and Gray basketball enthusiasts started on their annual northern jaunt. Accompanying the eight court aces were Coach Pat Miller and Assistant Manager Hanley.

"The Greyhounds made their initial appearance of the trip at Philadelphia, where they engaged Villanova. Perhaps the quick change of scenery abetted the boys, for they played the best game of their none too successful season. Starting in with a rush, the Evergreen tossers displayed rare form, finding the net with great shots, while the home aggregation was far off form. Loyola kept piling up a commanding lead, and, while Villanova threatened at the last half, swept along to a final count of 35—29.

"Monahan, guard de luxe, played the best game, netting six goals and two fouls. Captain Dudley and Liston showed up creditably.

"The Greyhounds next jumped to Bethlehem, there to play guests to Moravian College. Handicapped by a small floor, Loyola was at a loss to employ its wide open game tactics. Forced to long shooting, she was soon outclassed by the Moravians, 42—22.

"The home team was deadly on the short passing game and short heaves for the cords. Bollman, lanky center for Moravian, was particularly effective in such plays, and landed 10 counters,—almost enough to beat us single handed.

"It was in this game that mentor Miller tried a new style of play, that is, man for man, rather than the three-two combination that was employed during the year. It met with some degree of success, even though working under the handicap of a handbox floor. Dudley netted four markers and Liston accounted for three.

"Seton Hall, of South Orange, next played host to our invaders, and posted a 48—30 defeat on them. Both teams showed well rounded attack, with Seton Hall holding the edge. The Greyhounds found difficulty in locat-

ing the unfamiliar baskets in the first half, and were snowed under by a 25—12 count. In the second half, the Green and Gray started in with a long range barrage, which brought a bit more success, and started Loyola in the running. Captain Dudley, Twardowicz and Liston lived up to their reputations, the three of them accounting for 25 points of Loyola's final score.

"Our next game was a 'Savage' one. Hopping to New York, Loyola found Savage Normal School splendid hosts. The game, barring the first half, was close throughout, and was won by Savage with a 40—32 count.

"Trailing at the outset, the Greyhounds bolted, and after a determined rally worked on to a steady pace, soon threatening a tie. The victory was sweet balm indeed to the home players, for it evened up matters of a year's standing. So far this season, Savage is undefeated.

"After this game, the team disbanded. Some members of the squad, before returning to school, went to their homes."

Returning from their sojourn in the North, the Greyhounds fell to putting the finishing touches to the schedule. Up to Westminster scampered the Greyhounds with fondest hopes of reversing the early season decisions, but the Terrors had ideas of their own and, playing in familiar surroundings, snowed under our court hopefuls.

The Terrors took the lead from the initial whistle and never relinquished it. The first half was closely played, and the Green and Gray maintained a striking-distance, due mainly to Utz Twardowicz, diminutive forward, and Monahan, guard. The half ended in favor of the Terrors, 17—14.

But the second session told the tale. The Terrors, spirited and unmindful of the Greyhounds' attacks, sent the sphere swirling through the cords. Loyola tried to call a halt, but to no avail. The Terrors were set for victory—and victory was theirs, 35—29.

The Eastern Shore beckoned and the Greyhounds answered the call. Chestertown was the scene of our next tussle and the Greyhounds were entering the lion's den. Washington, mindful of her first decisive victory, was out for more blood—and she got it.

The gym at Chestertown was most helpful to the Shoremen, but Loyola found difficulty in ranging her shots. The Shoremen spared no efforts, and after a hectic first half, the whistle called a halt on scoring activities, with Loyola the underdog, 28—12.

Then the second half opened up in the same manner. Washington kept up the steady barrage, always carrying the fight to the Green and Gray. Giraitis with nine goals and three fouls, led the attack, so that the Shoremen doubled our own total score and won in a most convincing and decisive manner, 47—23. The Greyhounds missed Twardowicz, who did not make the trip.

With the last game of our season on tap, the Greyhounds brought into play all their tricks and eased out a victory over Blue Ridge, at Evergreen.

With Loyola fighting for every point, the New Windsorites counter-attacked and matched us point for point. Dudley led the attack for the Green and Gray but Lichliter, star center of the visitors, matched his skill with Frank, and at the end of the first half, Loyola was in the van, 22—20.

Then the second half brought hope to Loyola adherents. The Grey-

hounds broke leash and dropped in basket after basket. Blue Ridge tried valiantly to match our play, but proved unequal to the task. The Greyhounds won, 42—35, and the victory gave our schedule a rosy ending.

Concomitant with our poor season, there was another jinx that followed us, and that was the breaking up of the annual series with Mt. St. Mary's. The Evergreenites and the Mounts always put on a spirited battle, but, due to schedule difficulties, the games were not played.

At a meeting of the letter men of the basketball squad, Clarence Rogers, varsity center for the past two seasons, was chosen Captain for the year '28. In the first ballot, Captain Dudley and Rodgers each polled four votes, but the second ballot saw Rodgers emerge the victor.

Letters were awarded to Captain elect, Rodgers, Captain Dudley, Twardowicz, Liston, Monahan, Bunting, Child, and Manager Bowersox.

Letter Men

FOOTBALL

DESMOND (*Captain*)

Cannon
Child
Connelly
Coyle
Dudley
Enright
Ferciot
Healy
Intrieri
Kane

BUNTING (*Captain-elect*)

Mackall
Monahan
Mosser
O'Donnell
Rodowskas
Schmidt
Shea
Tanton
Tierney
Watson

BULLEN, *Manager*

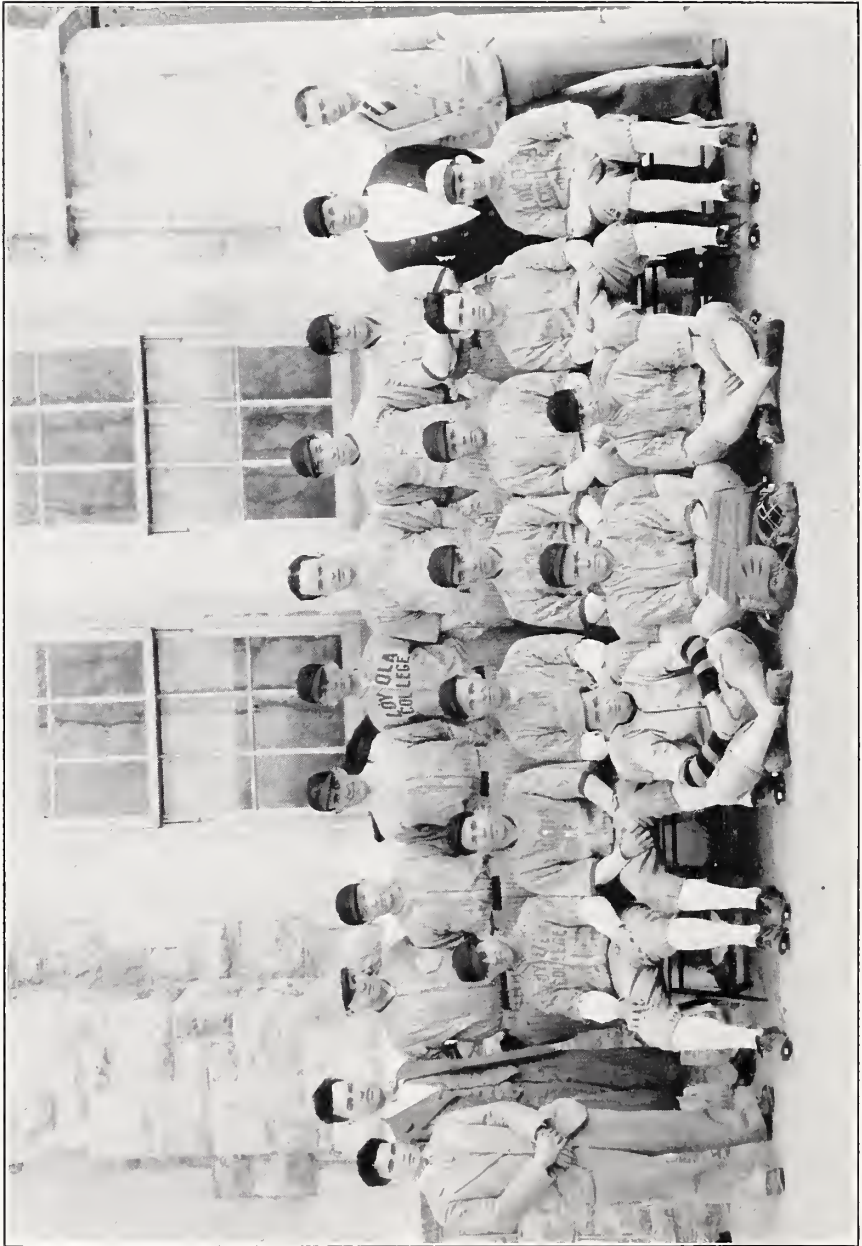
BASKETBALL

DUDLEY (*Captain*)

Bunting
Child
Liston

RODGERS (*Captain-elect*)

Monahan
Twardowicz
Bowersox, *Manager*



Baseball Schedule

April 2nd—Tank Corps.....	at Evergreen
April 4th—Blue Ridge.....	at Evergreen
April 18th—St. Joseph's College.....	at Evergreen
April 21st—Tank Corps.....	at Camp Meade
April 25th—Western Maryland.....	at Evergreen
April 28th—Washington College.....	at Chestertown
May 2nd—Blue Ridge.....	at New Windsor
May 5th—Washington College.....	at Evergreen
May 9th—Villanova	at Evergreen
May 19th—Open	at Evergreen
May 24th—Albright.....	at Myerstown, Pa.
May 25th—St. Joseph's College.....	at Philadelphia
May 26th—Villanova.....	at Villanova, Pa.
May 28th—Open	Away
May 30th—Navy.....	at Annapolis. Md.
June 2nd—Albright.....	at Evergreen



Class of '27

IT IS AS A TOKEN of regard for the Class of 1927, which accomplished so much in its college days and played so true a role in establishing activities that might pass into traditions, and for which the present Seniors have such high regard, that we close our book with a little record of these energetic youth.

John R. Spellissy—President—Student for Secular priesthood.

At present, due to illness he is staying at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Alabama.

Bernard M. Lochboehler—Jesuit Novice, studying at Milford, Ohio.

Frank Fairbank—Student for the Secular priesthood at St. Mary's Seminary.

Raymond Helfrich (Basketball Captain, '26); Daniel Shanahan (Football Captain, '26); William Wojcik; Joseph Drenga—Medical students at University of Maryland.

William Zemaitis and Vincent Tomalski are specializing in Chemistry, and at the same time are employed in the laboratory of a local Chemical Corporation.

Joseph Arnold is taking a course in a Business School.

Clinton Bamberger—Business Administration at J. H. U.

William Eckenrode—Teacher in an Ohio High School.

Irving L. Watkins—Music.

Adolph Svitak—Due to illness was forced to abandon Medicine; will resume studies in September.

L. Leo Ireton—Insurance.

J. Walter Palewicz—Now residing in Poland, is introducing American Agricultural methods upon his own acreage, and is teaching English and Mathematics in High School.

Leo Kulacki—Will resume medical studies in September.

John B. Conway; Wilfred T. McQuaid (Baseball Manager: Class Vice-President); Bernard M. McDermott (Basketball Manager); J. Francis Ireton; William Charles Egan—all law students at the University of Maryland.

Some of the men listed above did not complete their studies at Loyola, but they remained active members of the Class organization and are considered as full fledged members of the class. The correspondent requested that we include their names in our survey. There is spirit for you.



Any day of '28.

Dear Friends of Loyola:

As we take leave of these hallowed halls, there creeps over us a sadness. Mayhap we've wasted some few talents; mayhap we've failed to give our best; and yet,—'tis consolation—mayhap others will profit by our mistakes. But before we betake ourselves to an enumeration of traditions we would have preserved and of suggestions we would make, our hearts are turned to the thanks we owe those self-sacrificing men who have given us the liberal education which befits cultured gentlemen. Therefore with deepest sincerity do we express in profoundest terms of gratitude our thanks to these men of God.

And now we turn to a situation we have long decried. Where are the gentle traditions with their mellow influence on men's hearts? Recently, it is true, the hue and cry for the observance of traditions has been raised. It pleases us to note that Freshman Rules have prevailed, that a yearly Junior Prom and a Senior Ball have become respected realities, and that each succeeding class leaves behind as its memento a stripling tree. They are customs with a little history. But we are anxious for Ave Maria day. We cannot command that it too be given the approval that comes from repetition—traditions are not fostered in that manner. Their observance must be willingly accepted.

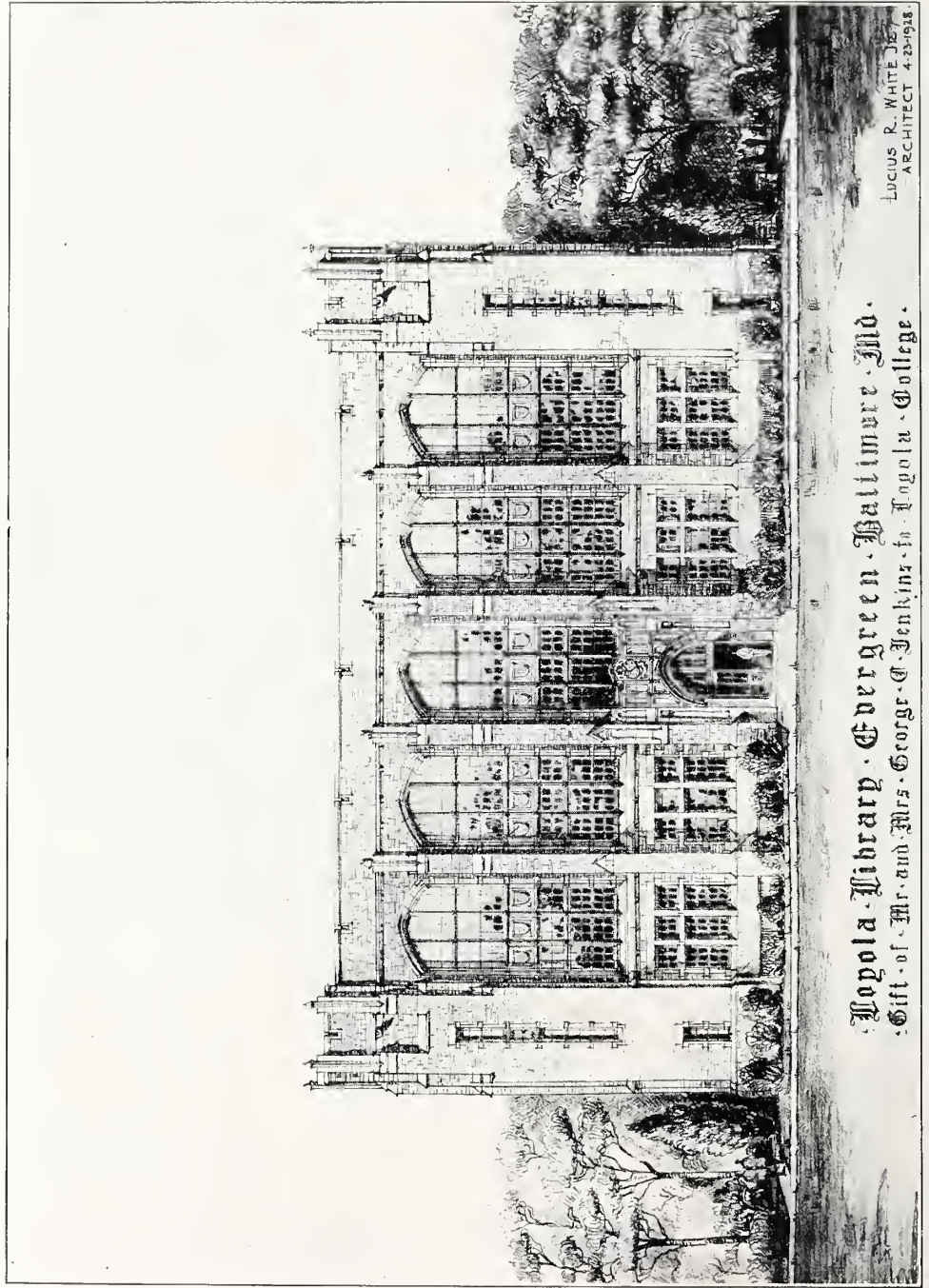
Consider what Ave Maria day means. It is a gesture of gratitude in honor of a venerable man, Mr. George C. Jenkins, and his beloved wife, the last Mrs. Katherine K. Jenkins, who have so generously endowed our Alma Mater. Little enough it is to think of them on their birthdays—to chant in unison one little Ave Maria in gratitude for what they have done, and to thank God for having bestowed such a gift among mankind upon us.

As we have kept the faith that was our heritage and enhanced it just a little, we ask that you who come after us, take up this faith which now we reverently pass on to you; cherish it; be true to it ever—it has been so inspiring! And now, farewell, with fondest hopes that you will not fail us, remembering that we are ever in spirit with you.

THOMAS N. FERCIOT.



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